

OUT WEEK

NEW YORK'S
LESBIAN
AND GAY
NEWS
MAGAZINE

TAKING JACK SERIOUSLY

**BLOTCHE
ON THE
RISE OF
WRANGLER**

A Boy's Guide to Girls

Katz on Koch

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Outspoken

Abortion and Us

Anow that abortion has become a front page issue once again, thanks to the Supreme Court's unfortunate decision in the *Webster* case, it's time for gays and lesbians, and particularly gay men, to restate our commitment to the rights of women to unrestricted access to safe, affordable abortion.

Some gay men question why abortion, which they think affects primarily straight women, is a gay issue. The answer is simple. Abortion is primarily about power, the power of society to control what a person, in this case a pregnant woman, can or cannot do with her own body. There is a clear, direct parallel between society's desire to exert control over women through abortion restrictions and its desire to criminalize gays and lesbians through sodomy laws and legalized discrimination.

We should all recognize what our enemies have long known: There is either a right to privacy or there isn't. If society accepts the fundamental freedoms that a right to privacy implies, then it is obligated to accept both the right to abortion and the rights of gay men and lesbians. If there is no such privacy right, society has no such obligations.

It's no accident that those who seek to restrict abortion are also at the front lines of the anti-gay movement, for both conservative goals are basically the same: to roll back the gains of the sexual revolution, throwing women back into the kitchens and back alleys and gays back into the closet. Anti-abortionists are essentially anti-sex, and there is a strong flavor of punishment and retribution in their ideology. They believe that sensual pleasure is a crime, the punishment for which should be enforced pregnancy, or prison, or AIDS. Their ideology has caused centuries of silent suffering for gay men, lesbians and all women. It still causes suffering today.

Some thought that the abortion issue was settled forever by *Roe v. Wade*. The reality is that the issues of both abortion and lesbian and gay rights will never be settled. There will always be those who fear sex, who hate women and their bodies, who, in their repression, wish to oppress others. We will always have to fight. What we must learn to do is fight together. Lesbians have been prescient in recognizing their stake in fighting AIDS. They understand the basic interconnectedness of AIDS, lesbian rights and their struggles as women. Gay men should be no less intelligent. Abortion is as important a gay man's issue as any we have before us today.

OUTWEEK

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Letters To The Editor

BALLOONING ISSUE

A reply to Naphtali Offen:

In the OutWeek of July 17, your letter expressed your outrage at the release of balloons at this past month's AIDS Vigil (Letters, Issue 4, July 17, 1989). You assume that the Vigil is organized by Heritage of Pride, the group who organizes New York City's annual gay and lesbian pride weekend, a group who has already called off a release of 10,000 balloons in memory of those we have lost to AIDS in recognition of its potential harm to the environment. You are amazed that, having taken this action, we would go ahead and release balloons at the Vigil. Yes, that would be amazing. Of course, with a little fact checking you would have found that Heritage of Pride is not the organizer of the annual AIDS Vigil. In fact, the Vigil has always been organized by the Christopher Street Festival Committee. Heritage of Pride is proud to help by marshalling on Christopher Street, but we can take no credit for organizing the memorial.

In their defense, the release of balloons at the Vigil was not planned by its organizers. It was a spontaneous action by the people standing on the street that night, remembering those they have lost to AIDS. No matter how concerned one might be for the creatures we share the planet with, you must be moved by the sight of so much hope in the face of so much tragedy.

With Pride,
Janice Thom
Co-coordinator Heritage of Pride
Manhattan

OutRaged

I don't know who it was that thought captioning a photo of Salsa Soul Sisters "Salsa Soul Sisters sashay south, pride with a beat" was a good idea, but to that person and to anyone else responsible for printing that:

FUCK YOU!

I am sick of your racist politics. Is OutWeek for lesbians and gays or for *white* lesbians and *white* gays? I bought your magazine because I

thought it was *my* magazine. It is no surprise to pick up the *NY Post* and find racism, sexism and homophobia slapping me in the face with every turn of a page, I've become callous to that. But there is no heartache like the one I feel when I am slapped by "my own people." I am pissed! I will not turn the other cheek and I will not be silent! I will be in your faces! Believe it!

I am the one your mother warned you about.

Nedra Johnson
Brooklyn



OutWeek welcomes letters from its readers. Please mail all correspondence to:

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INITIALS

When I lived in Manhattan (I moved to Michigan in December, 1988) I could not abide *The Native* and preferred to rely on Boston's *Gay Community News* and Philadelphia's *P.G.N.* for reliable information. It's to the *P.G.N.* that I owe my knowledge of your distribution of *OutWeek* at the N.Y.C. Gay Pride Parade, the first one I've missed. I was in Lansing, Michigan, the state capital, for the Michigan Parade.

Incidentally, I will be 76-years-old in October of this year.

Fraternally yours,
Zach B. Pierson
Flint, MI

PRO-LIFE LOOPOLES

I would appreciate an opportunity to throw my voice into the cacophony of outrage on both sides of the abortion rights issue by suggesting that many Americans would be grateful if the anti-choice side, preferably the clergy, could explain a few inconsistencies in their stance. Firstly, if abortion is the murder of an innocent baby, how can it be acceptable in any circumstance? After all, none of us had any control over our conception. Secondly, we don't completely understand the incest clause. If the incest that produced the pregnancy were an act of rape, the point is moot. But if the incest were an act of consensual sex between relatives, why would an abortion be acceptable in this situation and not another? Is it because we don't care to deal with the procreative outcome of what we consider to be a morally offensive act? Again, is it the baby's fault, and if not, why punish the child? Thirdly, I have never understood the life endangerment loophole. If the commitment and trust in God is so great that one is certain beyond doubt that it is His will that abortion is murder and must be stopped, how can one interfere with God's will by murdering children. He allows to be conceived through acts of love which manifest a physical celebration of His creation of the human race? It seems to me that condoning abortion in such circumstances is an outright denial of the commitment, faith and trust that

are presumably the very foundation of the opposition to abortion.

Finally, many of us are interested in looking at the "findings" that "prove" that life begins at conception, and that an egg has become a human being the instant sperm makes contact.

Until such time as these questions are answered to the satisfaction of all, I demand as an American that my government and the religious right it entertains keep their moral yardsticks to themselves, and not attempt to use them to beat my mother, my sisters, nieces, aunts, cousins, neighbors, friends and co-workers. I do not intend to allow the women I love to be made criminal because their bodies function properly, as do their minds.

Sincerely,
Christopher Corbett-Fiacco
Boston, MA

FETTNER FAN

My original interest in the *New York Native* was its weekly chart of the number of AIDS cases and its first-rate articles on the subject by a journalist

whose three names I've forgotten.

Eureka! Ann Guidici Fettner appears in your July 17th issue after a two-year absence!

Her article lucidly explains the tragic downfall of the *Native*, which started out to be a good newspaper. Also, it confirms for us non-scientists the non-scientific nonsense the *Native* publishes. Little wonder that now I'll drop the *Native* and *Christopher Street*.

Why not reprint her article by the thousands as free hand-outs in all the familiar haunts, for the news deserves to get around fast.

Although not crazy about *OutWeek* as a catchy title, I intuitively feel yours will be the success so many of us have waited for. Don't let this new subscriber down!

Allen Windsor
Manhattan

H.I.V. IRIOL

I am continually dumbfounded by the ignorance and stupidity of the gay community, MY COMMUNITY, which you exemplified in your phone

Nightmare of the Week



This week's nightmare, Phyllis "Shrill" Schlafly, earns the coveted honor for helping to force San Francisco's landmark domestic partnership law into temporary limbo and onto the November ballot. The grizzled grump thus joins the ranks of memorable homophobes such as Anita Bryant, Adolf Hitler and Adolph Coors, and exposes her supposedly pro-life agenda as really anti-life, anti-love and anti-family. Thanks for clearing that up for us, Phyl.

call to me last night. How many people are going to have to choke to death on this HIV bullshit before somebody wakes up to what's happening? For 40 years our government did to 400 black men in the Tuskegee Syphilis Experiment what they're doing to us today. There is no doubt that we are the NIGGERS of the 1980s, who haven't the guts to stand up for our own civil rights nor the brains to see this shit we eat. Our friends and lovers are DYING of this fucking disease and you won't run the information in *Syphilis as AIDS* because the *Native* ran it once before? What are you saving it for? A year or two perhaps when nobody remembers its previous publishing? What about all the people who will die between now and then? I personally dedicate them to you, asshole, because I've tried to get this information to those who need it, but the idiots in charge of publication, LIKE YOU, are too worried, "Boo-Hoo, I won't make money on this!" "Boo-

Hoo, it doesn't fit my current publishing agenda!" Well, the next time someone you know dies of AIDS, just remember this, you fucking shit-for-brains-scumbag, **DEAD PEOPLE DONT BUY OUTWEAK**

In remembrance of Tuskegee,
Robert Ben Mitchell
Miami, FL

News Editor Andrew Miller Replies:

Mr. Mitchell's unsolicited manuscript was rejected politely in a phone conversation during which I explained that because his book was recently serialized, in its entirety, in *The Native*, it did not make much sense for us to run it right now.

The above letter betrays the petulance of a frustrated, self-promoting, attention-seeking writer, rather than the desperation of (yet another) AIDS soothsayer out to save the queer nation.

I'm sure that many of our readers, Black and white, will be surprised to learn that Black people "badn't the

guts to stand up for [their] own civil rights, nor the brains to see the shit [they] eat" during the entire duration of the Tuskegee syphilis experiment. That distortion of history, its accompanying racist language, and its author, have no place in our publication.

There are many places in our magazine where AIDS is discussed, including a regular column dealing with alternative AIDS causes and treatments, written by Bob Lederer, Mr. Mitchell's own literary agent.

Mr. Mitchell's attitude does a huge disservice to his research and ideas by further casting them in the shadow of volatile, confrontational personalities. Such associations have, for too long, kept the majority of the gay and AIDS communities from considering important information about the relationship of syphilis to AIDS.

Mr. Mitchell does not have a monopoly on that information. If he wants to get his book published anywhere, he should get his head out from up his ass and his mouth out of the gutter. ▼

Dykes to Watch Out For



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Giuliani Picketed at Face-Off With Les/Gay Leaders

Breakfast Meeting Brings No Surprises

by Mark Chesnut

NEW YORK—Over 40 demonstrators, most of them from ACT UP, were waiting for Rudolph Giuliani when he stepped out of his limousine for a breakfast meeting with members of the lesbian and gay community on Thursday morning, July 13. Giuliani's appearance at the meeting, which is a monthly event, was arranged by Virginia Apuzzo, formerly Governor Cuomo's liaison to the lesbian and gay community, and now deputy director of the state Consumer Protection Board. As the Republican mayoral candidate made his way past the crowd into Company restaurant on Third Avenue, he was greeted with calls of "shame" and "bigot" from the demonstrators.

The protesters, like many in the lesbian and gay community, were enraged over Giuliani's opposition to Mayor Koch's proposed executive order granting bereavement leave to same sex couples in city employment. Giuliani has also said he did not support the legal redefinition of family to include lesbians and gays.

Ira Manhoff, an organizer of the protest outside the restaurant, said that the lesbian and gay community would not put up with politicians who "gay bash in public and then go behind closed doors and make nice. We want him to see our anger and we want to let him know it's real and he's gonna have to deal with it," he said. Manhoff also claimed that "what was attempted here today was a back room meeting with Giuliani where our so-called leaders were going to smooth things out for us." Manhoff said that members of ACT UP had been denied access to breakfast forums in the past, and that there may be some form of protest against

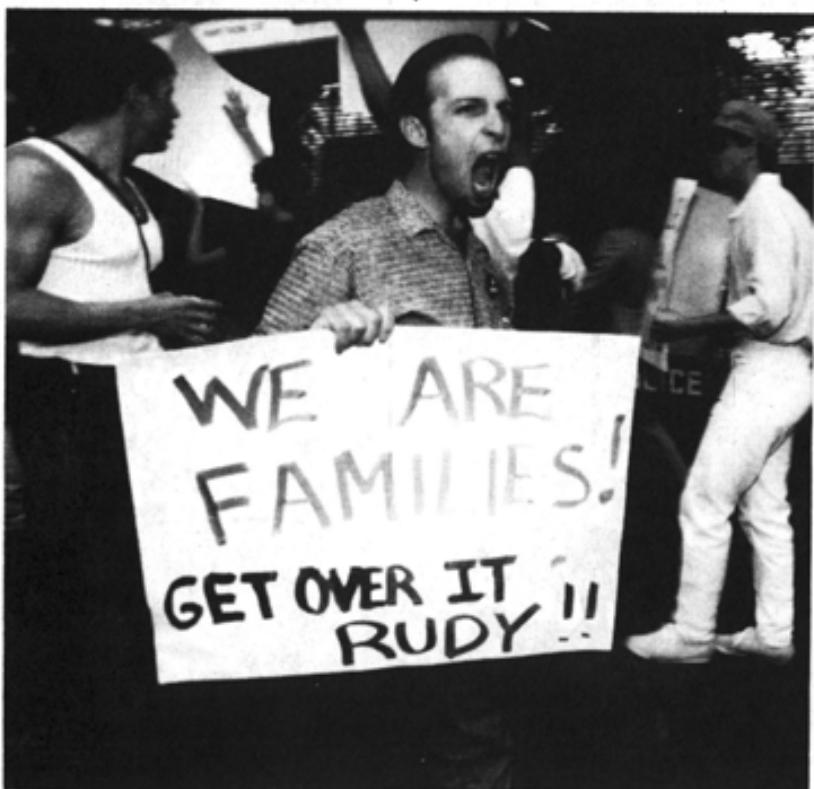
the forum taken by ACT UP in the future.

Giuliani made his statements regarding bereavement and gay families after accepting the invitation to the forum. "We had no idea that that was his position on family," Apuzzo told *OutWeek*. "We certainly didn't think that he was going to posture himself as the community's best friend, but we did feel that it was important to get out of the Republican candidate an opinion on a spectrum of issues that are critical for this community." Apuzzo felt that regardless of his views, the gay and lesbian community should demand that he

address those issues.

Inside the small restaurant, Giuliani referred to what he said were "unfair characterizations" of him, and said he was offended deeply at being called a "gay basher." "I'm not a stereotype," he told those assembled. "I have great sympathy and great understanding for everyone, particularly people who have been treated unfairly."

He stated that one of the city's priorities should be updating the "antiquated" health care system and dealing more effectively with the AIDS crisis, although he provided no specific plans. He also said he sup-



THE BREAKFAST SNUB
ACT UP greets Giuliani.

Photo: T.L. Litt

ported a statewide hate-crimes anti-bias bill. Giuliani then took questions from the other invitees.

"Do you regard homosexuality as not a preference, not a choice, but natural and normal as a variation on the spectrum of human sexual orientation?" asked Ann Northrop of ACT UP. Giuliani answered yes, but stressed that he was not making a judgment on any lifestyle. Giuliani, who once studied for the priesthood, said he saw no contradiction between that view and his views on the definition of a family. "My background and my tradition ends up giving me certain views on the world, and a certain way of looking at life. Therefore, I have difficulty with broadening that concept."

Giuliani was also asked why he did not march in this year's gay pride parade, with the other mayoral candidates. "The reasons I didn't march in the parade is because of some of the displays that I've seen in the past in front of Saint Patrick's Cathedral...that I consider unseemly." When pressed, Giuliani mentioned only Sister Boom Boom, a member of the cross-dress-

ing Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence, based in San Francisco. This was met by guffaws and moans from throughout the room, as Sister Boom Boom has never been to New York City or appeared in New York's parade. Contacted in San Francisco, the man who formerly was Sister Boom Boom told *OutWeek* that he had "given up his habits" four years ago, partially because it was "too easy a scapegoat for the right wing."

Giuliani stated several times during the morning that he is against any kind of discrimination. After one such affirmation, David Wertheimer of the Lesbian and Gay Anti-Violence Project asked, "Would [you] therefore support the right of lesbian and gay couples to marry under the law?"

"No," replied Giuliani firmly, "I don't support the extension of the law to that degree. I don't see that as discrimination." Giuliani went on to say, "I don't think it would be wise for the state of New York to extend the categories of marriage to include gay and lesbian marriages...because of the tradition of thousands and thousands of

years."

As he continued to speak about fair treatment for gays and lesbians, many challenged his inconsistencies, "If you don't support the [Braschi] court decision, you don't support gay marriage, you don't support a liberalization of the definition of the family, then how do you propose to solve the problem of surviving partners of persons with AIDS who lose the apartments that they have lived in for a good part of their life?" asked one person. (The Braschi decision allowed the surviving lover of a man who died from AIDS to remain in their rent-controlled apartment.)

Giuliani replied, "I support the...tenant's rights decision that applies to everyone...that gives those rights to people who live together whether they are gay, lesbian, elderly people...and that is a way of solving the problem without extending necessarily the definition of marriage or family relationships in just one category."

When asked about extending health care services to include life partners, Giuliani had no definite answer. "I'd have to take a look at that...as to whether or not as a legal matter that was justifiable."

Giuliani is clearly not in favor of equal benefits for lesbian and gay life partners, and he expressed his doubts again about "opening the door to a whole range of expenditures at a time in which we need money. Unless we create more revenue and we make some discrimination, and I mean that now in a legal sense." He then quickly changed his wording, "I should say make some distinction." He proposed a case-by-case basis for deciding bereavement leave in the workplace, with a department head having the ultimate authority. This, according to Giuliani, would reduce the costs he foresees with a broader application of this policy.

One of the final comments was made by Tom Stoddard, executive director of Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund: "You can't say on the one hand you oppose discrimination, and on the other hand say, well, if it's going to cost something, I guess discrimination is okay."



BLAMING SISTER BOOM BOOM

Candidate Giuliani at Virginia Apuzzo's breakfast forum.

Photo: T.L. Litt

Bristol Myers Releases AIDS Drug

Announces "Compassionate Use" of Anti-Viral ddI

by David Kirby

NEW YORK—After weeks of intensive negotiations between the Bristol Myers Company and members of ACT UP/New York, the drug giant last

ciated with AIDS.

"This is a major victory for the AIDS activist movement," said Peter Staley of ACT UP/New York. "Although it remains to be seen how



A MAJOR VICTORY FOR THE MOVEMENT
ACT-UP's Peter Staley

week said it was willing to increase access to a new anti-viral drug, even before the drug is proven effective in clinical trials.

The news was received with optimism among AIDS activists, who say the new drug, ddI (dideoxyinosine) could be as effective, and perhaps less toxic, than AZT. That drug is currently the only FDA-approved product being used to directly fight HIV, the virus thought by many to cause AIDS. Other AIDS drugs, like aerosolized pentamidine, are used to treat the opportunistic infections asso-

widely distributed this drug will be."

Bristol Myers will begin testing the experimental drug in the U.S. and Canada this September in clinical trials partially sponsored by the two governments. The tests will be conducted on a limited number of people who meet the rigid requirements set down by clinical drug trials.

But Bristol Myers wants to expand access to the drug to include those not enrolled in any clinical trial. Drug companies call this the "compassionate use" system because it gives thousands of people access to

the drug months, or even years, before it is actually approved as a treatment.

The idea behind the program is that people with life-threatening illnesses don't have time to wait. If the drug proves effective (and if initial tests look promising) countless lives might be saved.

THE DISTRIBUTION DEBATE

While AIDS activists applauded the decision, they said Bristol Myers has so far failed to take the idea one step further and collect data on the people taking ddI who are not enrolled

in one of the organized clinical trials. This is known as testing a drug on the "parallel track." It is preferred by ACT UP and other AIDS advocates because it allows researchers to learn far more about the drug, and in far less time.

"The parallel track tests a drug in the community...in the real world where the drug eventually will be used," explained Jim Eigo of ACT UP. "It is humane, efficient and badly needed, now."

"Bristol Myers would not give us more details on how the drug will be distributed," AIDS activist Mark Harrington told *OutWeek*. "All we know at this point is that compassionate use of ddI will begin the first week in September," which is when the clinical trials for efficacy begin. "We are pleased with the decision, although ACT UP wants to apply the parallel track with ddI, rather than just compassionate use."

Bristol Myers spokesperson Susan Yarin told *OutWeek* that the company was still deciding how to distribute the drug. "We don't have any labels yet, we don't know whether to call it compassionate use, parallel track or what," she said. "We are just now winding down tests for safety. Once that data is reviewed and accepted by the FDA, then we can decide how to

proceed."

A PRODUCT OF NEGOTIATIONS

Harrington said Bristol Myers' decision came after a series of meetings between company executives and ACT UP members. "We met with them in June, and told them we wanted ddI distributed broadly after Phase II (efficacy) trials began. That same day, Anthony Fauci (Director of the National Institute for Allergy and Infectious Diseases, or NIAID) announced his support for the parallel track idea."

ACT UP met with the company—and Fauci—a second time and then, after a third meeting on July 10, Bristol Myers announced on July 13 that it would "make ddI available to AIDS patients for whom treatment under an emergency or compassionate drug program would be appropriate," according to a statement released by the company.

There was speculation in the AIDS community over the sudden change of heart by Bristol Myers, which had previously seemed reluctant to release unproven drugs into the community-at-large. The decision came just four days after a historic summit meeting at Columbia University between AIDS activists, government health officials and pharmaceutical company spokespersons. Although invited, Bristol Myers did not attend the conference.

But did the well-publicized conference—which dealt with community-based testing of new AIDS drugs—have an effect on Bristol Myers?

"I don't think so," Harrington said. "I think it was more a result of the large AIDS demonstrations held in Toronto," on July 13, the same day that Bristol Myers announced its decision.

That demonstration was organized by AIDS Action Now, a Canadian group similar to ACT UP.

Yarin insisted there was "no outside influence" over Bristol Myers' decision, or its timing. "We had already discussed wider distribution among ourselves. It has been our intent for some time," she said.

RESERVATIONS REMAIN

There are still reservations about Bristol Myers' intentions. Many activists pointed out that the company promised to distribute the drug only "for whom ddI is critical," but did not define the term.

"We believe that people who want and need to take the drug should be allowed access," Harrington said. "It should be made available to those who can't take AZT, for those who live too far from an AZT program but still need an antiviral."

One answer, activists say, is to distribute ddI through so-called community-based clinical trials, and thus expand access to the drug. Dr. Joseph Sonnabend, who helped found the Community Research Initiative, a New York group that conducts community-based trials, told *OutWeek* that he hoped ddI would be made available on the parallel track.

"There are currently some community-based trials of ddI underway. We hope this can be expanded," he said.

Sonnabend said there were no plans yet in New York to distribute ddI on a compassionate use or parallel track basis, noting that "this is all very recent stuff." But he said CRI and other groups "certainly are willing" to begin widespread testing of the drug.

Bristol Myers said the drug will come in a powder form, and must be mixed with a buffer and then taken with liquid. The buffer prevents stomach acids from breaking down the drug. "But this means whole new ways of taking a substance. We wonder how much education and outreach will be done," Harrington said.

"We need to know how ddI will be distributed. Will there be access for poor people? For those in city hospitals and those without primary care? People need to know ddI is available, and they will need to know how to take it," he said.

In safety tests, ddI has caused only mild side effects, and appears to lower the levels of HIV and raise the levels of immune cells in the blood. ▼

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B·O·S·T·O·N

News

500 Attend Mayoral AIDS Forum

Candidates Display High-Level Knowledge At GMHC Event

by David Kirby

NEW YORK — New Yorkers concerned about the AIDS crisis can take some comfort in knowing that at least three of the mayoral candidates have a good, working knowledge of the epidemic — something that became evident at a forum on AIDS held July 18 at New York University.

The Mayoral Forum on AIDS/HIV, sponsored by the Gay Men's Health Crisis (GMHC) and attended by some 500 people, put some challenging questions to the three candidates — the only mayoral contenders to show up.

Manhattan Borough President David N. Dinkins, City Comptroller

Harrison J. Goldin, and former Metropolitan Transportation Association chief Richard Ravitch were there. Mayor Edward Koch and Republicans Rudolph Giuliani and Ronald Lauder did not attend.

Dinkins was the first to arrive, and sat next to two empty chairs for the first half hour, fielding questions alone until Goldin arrived. Ravitch came in over an hour late. The staggered entrances made it impossible to ask all three candidates the same questions, but it soon became apparent that all three could be concise and articulate in most of their responses.

A four-member panel grilled the candidates on AIDS education, dis-

crimination, clean needle exchange programs, housing and HIV testing. Questions were furnished to the candidates in advance, providing for better informed, if less spontaneous answers. In fact, Dinkins at times read his responses directly from notes prepared by his staff.

Goldin came with notes, but rarely used them. He spoke forcefully and looked directly at the panel and audience. He seemed well-versed in many AIDS issues, although not all his ideas met with approval from the audience. Ravitch often took a technocrat's view of the AIDS crisis, speaking more about numbers than the human impact of the disease.

The panelists were: Dr. Ana Dumois, executive director of the Community Family Planning Council; Community Research Initiative board member Louis Grant; Debra Fraser-Howe, executive director of the Black Leadership Conference on AIDS; and Bruce Vladeck, executive director of the United Hospital Fund. The evening was moderated by Richard Dunne, GMHC's executive director. ▼



BETTER INFORMED, LESS SPONTANEOUS

Candidates (l. to r.) Harrison Goldin, David Dinkins, Richard Ravitch

Photo: T.L. Litt

WHO SAID WHAT...

The following is a summary of some of the issues discussed at the forum.

AIDS Education and Condom Promotion

DINKINS: Said he supports AIDS education in the public schools "from grade one through twelve." He said his office has already started a program providing counseling to school children whose parents have died of AIDS. He also said that he supports public education efforts to promote condom use. "Public education must be explicit, and it must be culturally and linguistically appropriate to the communities at risk," he stated.

Discrimination

GOLDIN: Supports the 1989 Federal Disability Act currently before Congress, which would prohibit discrimination against people with disabilities, including the HIV positive. "The Mayor of New York must be a moral leader. He must have a clear and unambiguous voice in national policy," Goldin said. "New York is the epicenter of this disease. It is appropriate for the mayor to be a national leader in this movement."

DINKINS: Also supports the Disability Act. Said he would meet with the mayors of the "half dozen cities that now have 60 to 70 percent of the case loads. New York's mayor ought to have the capacity to gather the other mayors, and take them to Washington for some heavy-duty lobbying," he said.

Clean Needle Distribution

DINKINS: Has opposed the distribution of free needles to IV-drug users (IVDUs) since the inception of the idea. "To me, free needles is the same as free drugs. I can't accept that we should surrender on this issue," he said. Dinkins also opposes the distribution of bleach kits, which IVDUs use to clean their works before sharing them. "What I want is to get people off drugs. I know there are people of goodwill who have a different view. But I think we should spend our energies on treatment, on demand," he said.

GOLDIN: Opposes the needle exchange program, but said he was "one of those people of goodwill" who supports the distribution of bleach kits. "Bleach kits must be distributed widely and massively. They will save large numbers of lives," he said. Goldin also called for a new treatment-on-demand program for New York, proposing to spend some \$26.5 million to fund it. "We can afford to do it. We can't afford not to," he said.

Scatter-Site Housing

DINKINS: Approves of housing people with AIDS (PWAs) in available city-owned apartments throughout the city, but said that the local community must always be consulted in advance.

GOLDIN: "The city doesn't have to advertise who is living in these units," he said, "but advance consultation

with the community is needed."

RAVITCH (Just arrived): "The mayor must be an educator. He must teach them that there is no threat or danger to housing PWAs in the neighborhood."

Mandatory Reporting of HIV Test Results

RAVITCH: Opposes mandatory reporting of HIV test results to health officials "until and unless there are laws that prohibit discrimination — laws with teeth in them."

DINKINS: "I have stated many times before: No mandatory reporting. Period."

GOLDIN: Also opposed. "We want to promote public health, not scare people. Who would take the HIV test if there was mandatory reporting?" ▼

—David Kirby

Drug Cos. Back CRI

Parallel Track Program Praised

by Cliff O'Neill

WASHINGTON — Launching a groundbreaking cooperative effort with AIDS groups, the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association (PMA), in a July 19 joint press briefing with the American Foundation for AIDS Research (AmFAR), announced their support of parallel track programs, which may provide improved access to experimental treatments to thousands of people with AIDS.

The new alliance between the AIDS research and advocacy organizations and the pharmaceutical group was heralded by Gerald J. Mossinghoff, PMA president, who announced that AmFAR will now cooperate with the PMA in creating their quarterly *AIDS Medicines In Development* newsletter. In return, PMA will aid AmFAR in issuing its quarterly *AIDS/HIV Experimental Treatment Directory*.

AmFAR co-founder Mathilde Krim joined Mossinghoff in praising new advances in AIDS research, and took

the opportunity to promote parallel track AIDS drug trials, which were devised by AIDS activists, and become a flashpoint in the AIDS community in the past several weeks.

The parallel track program makes a drug widely available to AIDS patients ineligible for rigidly-designed clinical trials, soon after the drug's safety is established in early tests.

John Petricciani, vice president in charge of medical and regulatory affairs of the PMA, vocally supported community-based research initiatives, which directly involve the AIDS community in the design and administration of their trials. He also promoted the parallel track system, although with reservations.

"In principle, this approach seems to have merit, and PMA companies are certainly interested in exploring the idea," Petricciani said. "However, the details of how this concept might be implemented will need to be worked out on a case-by-case basis." ▼

Jersey Gay Basher Convicted

Defense Lawyer Calls Him "Good Samaritan"

by Sarah Schulman

NEW YORK — A 19-year-old high school dropout from Bergen County, New Jersey, was found guilty of participating in a gang assault on William Sutton, a gay man who is the co-owner of The First Bite, a restaurant at 259 West Fourth Street, in Greenwich Village. David Nocera, the teenager, was convicted of third degree assault and harassment on July 14 by Judge JoAnn Ferdinand in Manhattan Criminal Court.

Sutton and a companion, Ross Caperson, were attacked on October 29, 1988, after sharing a midnight meal at Sutton's restaurant, where he is the chef. Sutton was hit over the head by a beer bottle by another assailant and punched in the face by Nocera.

Nocera is presently serving a three-year felony probation in New Jersey for three counts of conspiracy to sell marijuana.

Reacting to the guilty verdict, Sutton told *OutWeek*, "I am happier today than whoever won the \$24 million lottery."

According to testimony given by Sutton and others at the Nocera's trial, Sutton and Caperson observed two carloads of teenaged boys and girls across the street. Ten to 12 people emerged from the cars and began swinging beer bottles, yelling anti-gay epithets and urinating in the street. Sutton asked his business partner to call the police, but she was told that due to the change of shift at the Sixth Precinct, no radio car was available, according to Sutton.

At that point Sutton and Caperson left the restaurant, while the partner locked the door behind them. The gang began to yank on the locked door handles, yelling, "kill the fags," and "kill the homos," according to testimony. Sutton said that when he intervened, he was told by Nocera to "mind your own faggot business."

Sutton was then hit over the head

with a beer bottle by another assailant, and punched in the face by Nocera. Although customers and neighbors came to his aid, another of the group, Frank Walsh, allegedly hit him across the forehead with an ax handle, causing a deep gash from which Sutton began to bleed profusely.

The teenagers got back into their cars and returned to New Jersey,



PRAISING THE PERSISTENCE OF THE VICTIMS

*Gay & Lesbian Anti-Violence Project's
David Wertheimer.*

Photo: Lee Snider

according to testimony. Sutton was taken to Saint Vincent's Hospital, where he received 21 stitches to the head and was treated for additional injuries to his arms, legs and shoulders.

Nine days later, Nocera was traced through his license plate number to his home in Palisades Park, New Jersey. He was positively identified by Sutton in a police line up. Walsh was subsequently arrested and charged with felony assault. His case comes to trial July 25.

In court on July 14, George Kostikas, an 18-year-old student, and

a friend of Nocera's, testified that Nocera was forced to fight with Sutton and Caperson after they accosted a female friend of theirs. He claimed that Nocera joined the melee only after Sutton, Caperson, and "five or six other guys" threw Kostikas up against a car and began beating him when he tried to protect his female friend from their advances. Nocera's attorney, Lamont Traynor, argued that Nocera was a "good samaritan" who only interceded to protect his friend.

According to David Wertheimer, executive director of the Gay and Lesbian Anti-Violence Project, the attack is typical of most attacks on gay men occurring in New York City, because it involved a gang of young men from out of state, travelling with young women, and engaging in violent acts in front of them.

According to Katie Doran, the liaison to the lesbian and gay community from the Manhattan District Attorney's Office, of the 400 cases reported to the Anti-Violence Project last year, only 54 entered the legal system. "The persistence of the victims in this case," said Wertheimer, "is exemplary and should be saluted."

An anti-bias bill which died in committee during this year's legislative session in Albany would have mandated that any assault case involving bias based on race, sexuality, gender or religion automatically be charged one degree higher than simple assault. Because of the absence of such legislation, Nocera was charged and convicted of a lesser misdemeanor. Had the bias bill been passed, Nocera would have automatically faced a more serious punishment.

The difference between Sutton's behavior at the trial and that of Nocera was quite distinct. Sutton testified somberly, speaking very seriously. Nocera and a friend continually grinned and chuckled.

In a phone interview after the trial, Sutton told *OutWeek* that after Caperson's head had been cut, one teenager said, "Don't touch him, you might get AIDS."



NEW YORK — About 25 people assembled at Parks Commissioner Henry Stern's residence at 540 East 84th Street to protest his decision to tear down tents erected by homeless people living in Tompkins Square Park. At 6 p.m. on July 12th, demonstrators were greeted by rows of police officers, outnumbering them nearly four to one, who completely blocked off access to Stern's townhouse.

The demonstration, which was led by a group of Lower East Side anarchist activists, ended in a march to Gracie Mansion, during which many of the participants began running wildly through the streets of the Upper East Side, flanked by police officers struggling to keep up with them, to the bemusement of local residents. There were no arrests.

— Andrew Miller and Andrew Lichtenstein

Photo: T.L. Litt

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Gay Musician Vanishes in Thailand

U.S. Rebuffs Lover's Search Attempts

by Keith Clark

OAKLAND, California—David George, a noted San Francisco classical violist, was reported missing July 6 following his mysterious disappearance May 13 while on a round-the-world vacation. George, who is principal violist with the Oakland Symphony and the Midsummer Mozart Orchestra, is widely recognized in Bay area classical music circles. He also performs with the San Francisco String Quartet.

George's lover, William Bombria, said the musician telephoned him from the Thai resort island of Ko Samui in the Gulf of Thailand off the Malay Peninsula on May 13. According to his travel plans, George was scheduled to leave Thailand May 19 by air for Athens, and was to have then traveled to Corfu, Venice and on to Vienna on June 7. Friends whom he was to visit in the Austrian capital told Bombria that they never heard from George.

From Vienna, he was supposed to have traveled by train to Amsterdam for a return flight home via Vancouver. George was not aboard his return flight July 5 when Bombria went to meet it.

After calls to the friends in Vienna, George's brother who lives in Vancouver, and the musician's parents in Wisconsin, Bombria went to the Oakland police and reported his lover missing.

The American Embassy in Bangkok told Bombria only that they have no record of any U.S. citizens in hospitals or in jails during the period of George's stay in the country. Similarly, the State Department in Washington, D.C. gave Bombria the "cold shoulder" when he contacted them, and informed him that despite their 11-year relationship, Bombria had "no interest in the



disappearance" of George because he is not a blood relative. A State Department official told Bombria he should contact George's family and have them deal with the matter.

"I'm feeling very, very hurt and angered," Bombria told *OutWeek*. "If they're not any good at their job, then I wish they'd refer me to someone who is going to help. I don't want to deal with a bunch of clerks who are just going to file things," he said.

According to Bombria, Marlee

Anderson of the State Department did say that U.S. Embassy records in Bangkok indicated George's passport had not been used to leave Thailand. The George family in Gleason, Wisconsin, has also been in touch with the State Department. Edward George, David's father, described Anderson's attitude as "brusque." He said, "We realize the State Department and embassy in Thailand don't have the resources to conduct private investigations for missing persons."

Oakland police officer Gary Foppiano, who is handling the missing person case, said his office had been in contact several times by phone with police in Bangkok, but has had no success in getting help locating George. "The Bangkok desk officer we spoke with last told us the police there don't even file reports," said Foppiano. "Tracking someone down who might be in jail there is almost impossible."

Thai Air, the airline George was scheduled to take from Bangkok to Athens, could not determine from their records whether the missing musician had indeed boarded the plane.

Francis Jones, press officer for the State Department's bureau of consular affairs, said U.S. embassies and consular officers in foreign countries "handle thousands of such requests to locate missing Americans overseas" every year. She also said trying to track down such missing sons was "a big part of our consular work."

Neither the family nor Bombria at this time is planning a trip to Thailand, in part because none of them speak the language and partly because, as Edward George put it, "we just wouldn't know where to start looking for a missing person in a country like Thailand."

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OWS



Bill Targets Songs “Promoting” Sodomy

Warning Sticker Legislation Introduced in Pennsylvania

by Cliff O'Neill

HARRISBURG, Pennsylvania.—A bill mandating the stickering of musical recordings containing lyrics "descriptive of, advocating or encouraging suicide, sodomy, incest, bestiality, sadomasochism, adultery or other forms of sexual activity in a violent context" was introduced into the Pennsylvania State Legislature June 13, and is awaiting action in that body's Judiciary Committee.

The bill, the second of its kind in the U.S., was introduced by conservative Rep. Ron Gamble (R-Oakdale) in response to what he called the "increasingly explicit" nature of rock music lyrics in recent years. A similar bill, introduced into the Missouri legislature last year, died in committee, but is expected to be reintroduced in this year's session, according to sources in Gamble's office. The Pennsylvania bill is scheduled for hearings in August or September.

Also covered in the Pennsylvania bill are records, cassette tapes and compact discs containing lyrics "advocating or encouraging murder, morbid violence or the use of illegal drugs or alcohol." Retailers selling such recordings without the requisite stickers would be charged with a third degree misdemeanor.

Under the proposal the stickers would have to be printed in black ink on a fluorescent yellow background with letters no less than half an inch high. The label would read: "Warning: May contain lyrics descriptive of or advocating one or more of the following:" followed by the list of targeted activities and the

words "parental advisory."

"I believe such lyrics are of special concern in today's environment, which poses unprecedented threats to the health and well-being of adolescents, including pregnancy, drug use, AIDS (and other sexually transmitted diseases), accidents and suicide," wrote Gamble in a May 30 letter promoting the bill. The legislation (H.B. 1689) was introduced with the sup-

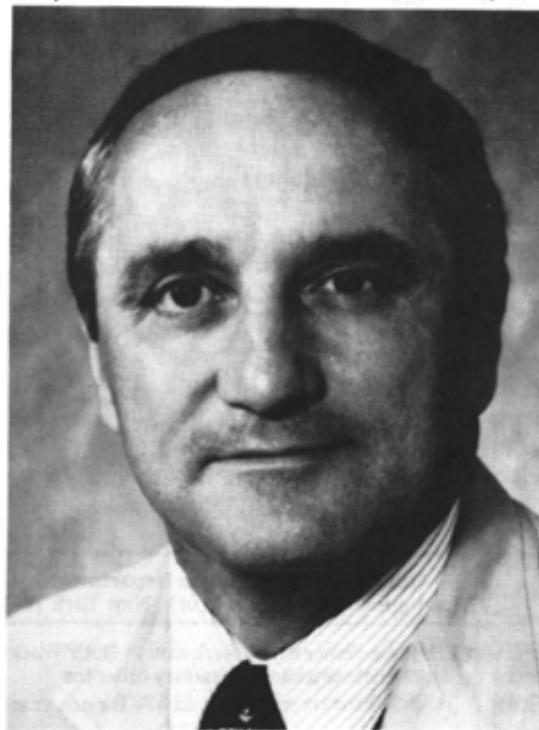
port of 47 House co-sponsors. Also included in the extensive memo are lyrics from rock artists Prince, Elton John, the Who and Fleetwood Mac, which are said to encourage sexual activity, homosexuality, incest and adultery. The materials were reportedly provided to Gamble's office by right-wing "family issues" activist David Barton, a Texas researcher involved in the pro-labeling movement.

William Sloane, a Gamble spokesperson, stated that the State House member is approaching record companies urging them to support the bill in order to protect the state's record retailers from litigation.

"As an example, the state of California requires that automobiles comply with certain emission standards; and if car companies want to sell cars in the state of California, the manufacturers have to comply to those standards," stated Wilson. "With a market the size of Pennsylvania, we expect [record companies] would comply. And perhaps, if other states follow our lead, we could do this nationwide."

Asked if the bill would also cover songs by non-rock acts, Wilson quipped, "Well, I suppose if Perry Como sang songs like that they would be covered too."

Noting that such pop standards as Whitney Houston's number one "Saving All My Love For You" (a torch song sung by a woman to her married lover), and Atlantic Starr's "Secret Lovers" (a ballad about two married, adulterous lovers) would fall under the bill's broad outlines, Pennsylvania American



PRINCE, THE WHO, AND PERRY COMO, TOO.
Pennsylvania Rep. Ron Gamble

port of 47 House co-sponsors.

To promote his bill, Gamble is circulating a 21-page memo featuring the lyrics of a number of rap and "heavy metal" rock bands which are said to promote the activities in ques-

Civil Liberties Union spokesperson Sue Frietsche considered what other songs would mandate stickering.

"Whitney Houston *nothing*," she exclaimed. "We're talking Cole Porter. We're talking three quarters of all the songs that have ever been recorded. Hell, I think the Marines' hymn is covered."

Declaring that the ACLU will be actively lobbying against the bill, Frietsche predicted that, should it pass, record retailers would most likely err on the side of caution and sticker all records. She also doubted that the large sticker would even fit on cassette tape cases.

Also coming out against the bill, Hilary Rosen, Washington lobbyist for the Recording Industry Association of America (RIAA), stated, "It's very broad and very difficult to enforce. Clearly, we oppose [the bill], but I'm not sure how seriously its being taken." In coming weeks RIAA will be examining the bill and developing a stance on it.

Frietsche compared the bill to another proposal facing the state legislature which would order all retail stores selling videos or books dealing with sexual activity to post large parental warnings outside their doors.

Comparing the bill to recent efforts

by Congress to ban funding of "objectionable" art, National Gay and Lesbian Task Force Public Information Director Urvashi Vaid railed at the First Amendment implications of the bill and what she called its implicit homophobia.

"I think its ludicrous and...frightening that a legislator could propose that same sex relationships in a song lyric is somehow dangerous," stated Vaid. "I think that's very troublesome. Are we going to reach a point...where library books about homosexuality have to have special disclaimer labels?"

—filed from Washington

World-Wide Les/Gay Gathering in Vienna

by Rex Wockner

VIENNA—In the largest such gathering ever, 260 gay men and lesbians, representing 33 nations on six continents, gathered at Vienna's youth hostel July 17 for the week-long 11th annual World Conference of the International Lesbian and Gay Association (ILGA).

As the conference opened, ILGA officials announced that several attendance records had been broken, including one for representation from Eastern Europe (20 people), and another for participation by Americans (21 representatives).

John Clark, a member of Homosexual Initiative Vienna (HOSI Wien), which hosted the conference, said he was particularly pleased to have in attendance seven activists from the German Democratic Republic (East Germany), four of whom were sent by the government.

Activists also came from the East Bloc countries of Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Poland. Hungary's first gay rights organization, HOMEROS Lambda, recently received full government recognition.

Among those representing the United States were former National Gay and Lesbian Task Force head Virginia Apuzzo and a contingent from Men of All Colors Together.

The U.S. gay/lesbian movement has a history of minimal involvement in ILGA, despite continuing invitations and pleas from the group's officers. The Human Rights Campaign Fund joined the group this year, but did not send a representative to the conference.

Noted Black South African gay activist Simon Nkoli arrived telling of a grueling, months-long battle to receive a passport. The fight came to an end, he said, only after a sympathetic official at the U.S. embassy in Pretoria threatened legal action against the South African government. It was Nkoli's first trip outside his native land.

Other well-known international figures attending included Australian author Dennis Altman, openly gay

Canadian member of parliament (MP) Svend Robinson, and Henning Mikkelsen of the World Health Organization's Global Program on AIDS.

Polish MP Mikolaj Kozakiewicz had planned to attend but cancelled after he was elected president of the Polish parliament in early July.

HOSI Wien president Reinhardt Branstatter opened this year's conference by reminding attendees that, under Austrian law, "we could all be arrested by police and jailed just for having a gay meeting. But don't be afraid," he said, "they wouldn't dare do it."

In fact, the Vienna Tourist Board granted ILGA a subsidy for the gathering and arranged a sight-seeing tour that ended with an official reception at the city center.

In an opening night keynote speech, Canada's Robinson praised ACT UP's "Silence=Death" slogan, saying that "the greatest challenge facing our community is silence, silencing, invisibility. But your silence will not protect you," he said.

The U.S.'s Apuzzo followed Robinson's keynote and received a standing ovation after her talk, which, she apologized, was not in English, but Brooklynese.

Apuzzo said U.S. activists have been slow to participate in ILGA because "in the U.S....one principle is that all politics is local...Understand that we are trying [to get here]," she said. "Nothing has shown us the obsolete notion of boundaries more than a virus that has no respect for boundaries. So we're coming—slowly—but we're coming."

ILGA's 11th world conference welcomed new gay organizations from Costa Rica, Cyprus, Turkey and South Africa, in addition to the newcomers from Eastern Europe. The 1990 conference is expected to be held in Stockholm. Guadalajara, Mexico will make a bid to host ILGA in 1991.

In-depth reports from the conference will appear in OutWeek's next issue.

News

San Francisco Sheriff Distributes Condoms

by Keith Clark

SAN FRANCISCO—After more than a year of trying to get a definitive legal opinion about distributing condoms to inmates at the county jail, San Francisco Sheriff Michael Hennessey has decided to go ahead with the program despite the legal ambiguities surrounding it.

A similar proposal made in Santa Clara county last year was rejected outright by sheriff Robert Winter.

The California penal code makes sex between inmates a felony and makes anyone who "aids or abets" inmate sex while in custody liable to prosecution as well. It was this potential legal problem that Sheriff Hennessey sought to clarify without much success.

In 1987 Hennessey asked State Attorney General John Van de Kamp for a legal opinion on whether he and the Sheriff's staff could be prosecuted under state law. Van de Kamp told the sheriff last year that the decision to prosecute would rest with San Francisco District Attorney Arlo Smith. After three months of considering Hennessey's question, Smith in mid-July informed the Sheriff that he couldn't give a legal opinion on the question that would cover all possible situations.

Instead, Smith suggested

Hennessey go to the Legislature and seek amending or clarifying legislation, which the Sheriff's office considers unlikely to happen without further lengthy delays.

Earlier in July the San Francisco civil grand jury investigating the issue, called sexual activity in prisons "a reality" and urged the public officials to make safe sex education and condoms available to inmates.

The inmate AIDS education and condom program will be under the direction of the city's health department prison medical staff. ▼



CONDOM OUTLAW

San Francisco Sheriff Michael Hennessey

The condom distribution program began July 14, making San Francisco the first county jail system in California to undertake such a program and only one of a handful of correctional institutions in the nation to do so. Although such programs are common in most European nations as well as in Australia, only two states, Vermont and Mississippi, permit inmate safe sex education programs and condom distribution. In addition, New York's Rikers Island facility and the Philadelphia prison system allow condoms to be distributed inside jails.

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News

L.A. Considers Les/Gay Benefits

Domestic Partners Leave a Union Issue

by Keith Clark

LOS ANGELES—Municipal employee union leaders are negotiating with Los Angeles city administration officials here over an innovative extended family leave benefits package that would allow some city employees up to four months of unpaid time off to care for newborn or newly adopted children, or to care for severely ill family members or domestic partners. The city benefits package will, during the course of union contract negotiations over the next few years, eventually be offered to various unions representing the more than 45,000 Los Angeles city employees.

Assistant city administrative officer Tom Sisson, whose employee relations office represents the city in negotiations with unions, said the American Federation of State County and Municipal Employees (AFSCME) and other local municipal unions were examining the city's benefits package for upcoming contracts. The Los Angeles city council in mid-July approved the extended leave benefits proposal. AFSCME local 3090 president Betty Ballard said, "We are completely in support of extended leave benefits for domestic partners." Ballard added, "I don't know of any of the local city employee unions (in Los Angeles) who are opposed to the domestic partners extended leave benefits."

The innovative program would allow both men and women to take up to four months time off from their jobs to care for a newborn infant or to be with a newly adopted child. It also would allow city employees to get the same extended unpaid leave to care

for a sick family member or domestic partners if domestic partner affidavits are on file with the city government.

Although the program offers unpaid leave only after an employee has used up all available vacation and personal time off, the city would continue to pay health insurance benefits during the period. To insure confidentiality, information on employees' domestic partnerships would not be available to supervisors or department heads. The city's employee benefits section, where the affidavits would be kept on file, would process requests for extended leave instead of supervisors. In the past, requests for any extended leave has been entirely at the discretion of managers and supervisors.

Officials at the League of California Cities said the Los Angeles benefits program is the first in the nation to offer such extended leave. Sheri Erlewine of the League said, "This is a thing more and more cities are looking at to keep high-caliber, quality employees in city government."

Thomas Coleman, principal consultant for the Los Angeles City Task Force on Family diversity, said, "Several unions are in the process of meeting with [city] management representatives about upcoming contracts that involve issues concerning domestic partners' benefits, including the extended leave." But Coleman added that the recent change in city policy was "only a benefits package subject to the collective bargaining process" and not a regulation the city was forcing on employees.

—filed from San Francisco

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Reagan's Court, Bush's Sport

Abortion, Flag Burning and You

by Victoria A. Brownworth

The abortion-restricting ruling of the U.S. Supreme Court in the case of *Missouri v. Reproductive Health Services* is one of the most obvious legacies of the presidency of Ronald

Court has placed very severe limits on abortion access with this ruling, just as it placed the responsibility for proving discrimination on those being discriminated against.

The Bush Administration has applauded the Court's decision in *Webster*, and President George Bush has also reiterated his support for a constitutional amendment banning abortion.

By appointing relatively young, ultra-conservative justices to the Supreme Court, Reagan insured that his conservative agenda will be perpetuated long after his presidency. Led by Reagan's appointee for Chief Justice, William Rehnquist, the Court's most conservative member, this bench

is dominated by conservatives. Rehnquist is well-liked by his fellow justices and has been able to form a conservative bloc with the help of the Reagan appointments.

Anthony Kennedy is one of these. He is the Court's youngest member. His first term with the Court has proved him to be a staunch backer of Rehnquist and the Reagan agenda.

Antonin Scalia is the second youngest member of the Court and its strongest proponent of state's rights, of which the *Missouri* decision is a case in point. He believes in the total rescinding of *Roe* and has also proved himself a strong opponent of minority rights.

Byron White is a Kennedy appointee who was initially moderate, but who has developed one of the strongest conservative votes on the Court. He votes 89 percent of the time with Rehnquist and, with Rehnquist, was the only other vote against *Roe* in the original case in 1972. White was

NEWS ANALYSIS

Reagan. This decision—following on the heels of rulings limiting affirmative action and other protections for women and minorities—points directly to the influence of the Reagan Justices on the laws of the nation.

That influence is being felt most directly by gay men and lesbians, women and people of color. The



EXERCISING THE FIRST AMENDMENT
Protesters at the Stonewall Anniversary

Photo: Andrew Lichtenstein



BREEDER REACTOR

Abortion-rights protestor being arrested in NYC's Foley Square.

Photo: Ben Thornberry

also the author of the vitriolic *Hardwick* decision that stipulated the illegality of sodomy, and left lesbians and gay men with no constitutional right to privacy.

Sandra Day O'Connor, Reagan's first appointee, has become increasingly less conservative since her 1981 appointment, when she voted in 87 percent of the decisions with Rehnquist. O'Connor has begun to fill the place left by former Justice Lewis Powell, Jr., who retired in 1987. Powell was a conservative with certain liberal concerns who became known as the Court's swing voter. O'Connor has provided the deciding vote in a series of key decisions, including *Missouri*, where she voted with the majority but dissented on several key points in the

opinion.

The liberal bloc is comprised of Justices William Brennan, Thurgood Marshall—the Court's only Black member—Harry Blackmun and John Paul Stevens.

Blackmun, a Nixon appointee, has gone from conservative to liberal in his nearly two decades on the Court. Blackmun is also the Court's most outspoken member, frequently standing out on the steps of the Supreme Court after a particularly conservative decision to decry that vote. He is the author of *Roe* and the dramatic dissent in *Hardwick*, in which he claimed that the Court's decision invalidated *Roe*'s stand on privacy. He has maintained that

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How To Fuck The Patriarchy

(And How It Fucks You)

by Andrew Miller

A constitutional amendment is the most powerful way that the executive and legislative branches of government can overrule a Supreme Court decision. Provisions for amending the Constitution are built into the document itself, but the process is a lengthy and complicated one.

An amendment must be introduced into one or both houses of Congress, usually after a long period of hearings on the subject. It must pass both the Senate and the House of Representatives by a two-thirds majority, and be signed by the President, the way any other bill becomes a law.

But then the amendment must be ratified by three-fourths, or at least 38, of all state legislatures, each of which has its own rules about how the bill may be introduced, and by what process or margin it must be passed. The legislatures, each of which differs as to size and structure (Nebraska's only has one chamber, while California's is the size of a small army), must ratify the document in the exact same form that it passes the U.S. Congress. It must then be signed by the governor of each of the 33 states, who, like the president, has veto power over any new legislation.

The entire process must be completed within a certain amount of time, unspecified by the constitution, but decided upon by Congress after it approves the original amendment.

It is the Supreme Court's job to interpret the Constitution. Thus, a change in the Constitution itself, like an amendment prohibiting the burning of the American flag, would be

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Somos Uno—Pero, ¿Quién Somos?

We marched down the great Fifth Avenue on the 20th anniversary of the Stonewall Riots, singing to the conga beat:

"¡Unaté a la marcha—
es por tus derechos!
¡Unaté a la marcha—
es por tus derechos!"

And when we got tired, we changed our beat to the old classic chant:

"2, 4, 6, 8
Se ve
se siente

¡Los latinos están presentes!"

From the sidelines the spectators cheered, and a few jeered, as we marched proudly by—mujeres y hombres homosexuales carrying the flags of their native patrias: Puerto Rico, Cuba, República Dominicana, Mexico, Guatemala, Colombia, Nicaragua, El

Salvador, Venezuela y muchas mas.

A bittersweet experience, indeed! While we rejoiced in celebrating our liberation as a homosexual community, we, Latino gay and lesbian folks, mourn our continued oppression and marginalization by that very same homosexual community.

It's the classic, "Some of my best friends are Hispanics. Oops, it's politically correct to say Latinos. Ya know, I've even had a Latino trick or two. Honeeeeey, Latino boys have big, uncut beer can dicks. I love Latino boys, really?" Really?

Really? Just like the way slave masters *loved* their house Negroes...or rapists *love* their victims...or abusing husbands *love* their wives...Really!

I am a Latino gay man—born in Cuba. My culture, and the folkways of my Afro-Cuban heritage, mean many, many things to me. It is the food I love to eat—los mangos, el mamey, los plátanos y la yuca; the pulsating rumba beat of our music; the language I speak with tongue *and* hands; the indigenous religions I profess, it is *how* I speak, and write, and dress, and touch, and dance, and walk, and talk, and love...Latino culture is for me the entire range of what I see, feel, touch and taste. Sadly, more often than not, the differences in our cultures are not celebrated,

nor acknowledged, nor supported by my Anglo-American gay brothers. No, as a matter of fact, for some of the ethnocentrists it is a downright threat. It is disconcerting for them and results in an upturned nose, tightly crossed legs, pursed lips which open ever so slightly to emit, "Mary, who *do* you think you are? Speak English! After all, you are in America!"

Hey! Can you hear the overture from *West Side Story* all over again? Listen closely, "I love to be in America, life is so sweet in America, cash is so green in America"...oops, got carried away! See, I don't go for that melting pot theory at all. As a matter of fact, the *only* pot I like is the one filled with Ma's arroz con frijoles. For me, the melting pot theory means only one thing—assimilation. And assimilation is a "dirty four-lettered word." We have noticed what has happened to all other ethnic/racial groups who preceded us to this country. They lost their language, they lost their culture, and they lost their folkways—and developed an affinity for apple pie, motherhood, and baseball. Latinos have lost so much throughout history, first to the conquistadores from La Madre Patria—Spain, then to the eurocentrist Roman Catholic Church, and recently to the Yanqui capitalists. We cannot afford to assimilate! To lose more would mean that we'd lose all.

Anglo-American gay men have formed, for the most part, the gay culture as we know it today. "Gay" then seems to connote a certain set of values: economic status, professionalism, political savoir-faire, perhaps, a ghettoization, youthfulness, and, yes, even a "look." A look which celebrates being—as a friend says in a deep tenored voice—"a manly man." Succinctly: the three sides of the gay lavender triangle are white, male and middle class. ¡Que nice!

No, not nice at all! So many of us



Photo: Humberto Arellano, Courtesy of El Diario

do not feel welcomed, or comfortable in the socio-political environments of traditional gay culture. Who's us? Ya know, we, the "invisible ones," the ones with few political connections, and with little money. The flamboyant ones—the fierce drag queens. Sometimes we're called "the cha-cha queens."

So many of us feel that the *only* way we get recognized by the dominant group is by being "a Latin lover"—cute, mustached, uncut and hung. Even worse, though, is when we get recognized only, and only when, we are whitewashed. This reminds me of a shopping expedition with an ex-boyfriend, "...but honey, you don't understand. I don't care if Lacoste is in, alligators are taboo animals, they bring bad luck. Why would I want to have them on my shirts?"

Gay life as we know it, from this side of the fence, is very different. The term "gay" has no parallel for us in Spanish. We refer to ourselves as being "entendidos" or "del ambiente." All the other terms used to describe us are pejorative—maricón, loca, pájaro, mariposa, pato. We live lives that are tightly enmeshed with racism, classism, sexism, machismo, homophobia and good ol' Tio Sam's colonialism.

As men who are Latino and gay, we've been placed in a unique sort of place. Right dab in the middle—Anglo-American gay culture to the right (no pun intended!), our Latino culture to the left. Push and pull—push and pull. A tug of war to the right, then we're too Anglo-gay identified and not Latino enough. Tug of war to the left, too Latino for words and not gay enough—"She obviously isn't one of us!" It seems that in order to be accepted and recognized as gay men, we must assimilate and enculturate, not only to mainstream Anglo-American culture, but also into "mainstream" Anglo-American gay culture. Thus to be "gay," we've been forced to relegate our own culture, the culture which has given us birth, to a

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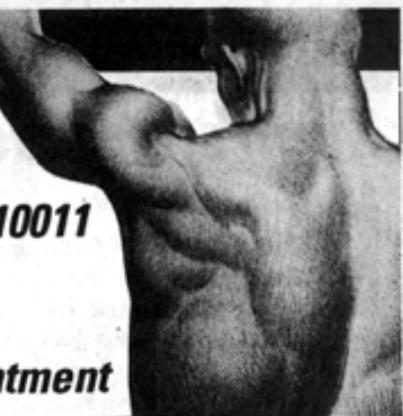
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Koch's Domestic Deceit

Legal definitions of family are finally moving in the direction of the diverse reality. Mayor Koch says he is issuing an executive order providing bereavement leave for the domestic partners of city employees. That and the court decision granting lease succession rights to domestic partners are the first legal recognition here in New York.

Ed Koch jumped on the bandwagon after the court's succession rights decision. It is ironic that he'll be the one "ordering" city agencies to provide bereavement leave (the only benefit being extended for now) because he has been the major obstacle to legal recognition of domestic partnership here for several years.

Bereavement leave consists of three days off with pay to mourn the death of a family member. In practice, openly lesbian and gay city employees working in agencies where they have been comfortably "out" have been able to take standard bereavement leave with pay. Their agencies simply covered for them, reporting them present, or out sick, or on personal days or, in some other fashion, doctoring their records. This has been standard practice in many agencies, commonly known and condoned.

In addition, the city's Commission on Human Rights has intervened on behalf of the city employees on several occasions. According to Keith O'Connor, an openly gay staff member there and head of the AIDS Discrimination Unit, "We just said, 'As long as there's an executive order saying gay people are equivalent to straight people, you have to extend those benefits to gay people' and they said, 'Well we don't agree with it, but OK.'" Unfortunately the ad-hoc approach did not alter official city policy.

The first major city elected official

to endorse the idea of legally recognizing domestic partners, in 1986, was Manhattan Borough President and mayoral candidate David Dinkins.

City Comptroller Harrison J. Goldin, another candidate for mayor, has actively attempted to pursue the issue. In July 1987, an open lesbian employed in the Comptroller's office, Jennifer Brown, lost her lover. She took her bereavement days, and instead of fudging her record, the Comptroller's office submitted the



leave paperwork in routine fashion. The Department of Personnel (a mayoral agency) rejected the claim, demanding proof that the deceased met eligibility criteria; in other words, proof that she was a relation through either blood or marriage.

The Comptroller then referred the matter to the city's Law Department. According to Wayne Steinman of the Comptroller's office, the initial Law Department review supported the extension of bereavement leave to domestic partners, in accordance with the city's Gay Human Rights Law and the executive order banning discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation.

tion by city agencies. A second review by more senior attorneys concurred, but because of the potentially controversial nature of the ruling, it was sent to Deputy Mayor Stanley Brezenoff. Brezenoff determined that the issue was too hot and rejected the advice of the Law Department to revise the city bereavement leave policy.

Ever since, the Mayor's deceitful position has been that the city could not unilaterally alter benefits eligibility criteria, and that the unions stood in the way of domestic partnership. Just last month, Koch was quoted in the *Village Voice* as saying: "As required by state law, benefits with economic consequences such as health insurance coverage for spouses and dependents or bereavement leave have been matters reserved for collective bargaining." In pointing the finger, Koch neglected to mention that the Metropolitan Labor Committee, representing the major city employee unions, has supported extending spousal benefits to domestic partners, and has brought the issue to collective bargaining. According to Desma Holcomb of the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union and the Lesbian and Gay Labor Network, "His negotiators keep saying no."

As a practical matter, the only reason unions might oppose extending benefits to domestic partners is if they are asked to give something else up in exchange. This would be a typically divisive Koch tactic.

The most vocal opposition to domestic partner benefits has come from Republican and "Liberal" mayoral candidate Rudolph Giuliani. He is a Reagan Republican, period. He would probably prefer us to be dead, or at least invisible and silent.

Domestic partnership could mean a lot for lesbians and gay men. I recently met an American who lives in Holland with his Dutch boyfriend. Gabe and his lover registered as partners in their town; Gabe was granted permanent resident status (citizenship

after five years), and he received working papers and health benefits. This makes sense. We must disabuse ourselves of the idea that domestic partnership is a radical demand. It is simply legal recognition of reality.

Bereavement leave and lease succession are just the first small steps, to be sure. Almost every area of law depends upon legal definitions of family: employment benefits, property rights, hospital and jail visitation rights, custody rights in case of incapacity, immigration, child custody, adoption, taxation. Now that the narrow legal definition of family has begun to widen, new court challenges and legislative initiatives—along with reactionary backlash—are inevitable.

Village and Chelsea city council candidate Tom Duane, a gay man, has put forward a proposal to extend *all* employee benefits to "members of non-traditional families." A group of Manhattan council members has begun drafting a resolution calling for a task force "to look into just how far the city can go," according to John St. Croix, council member Carolyn Maloney's gay chief of staff.

In reality, the city will go no further than we push it. The Human Rights Commission seems earnest in pursuing equal legal recognition for lesbian and gay relationships. Consider this an open call: if you have a partner and feel you are being denied any benefit or privilege accorded to married couples, call the Commission on Human Rights at (212) 566-5050. (Also drop me a note c/o *OutWeek*, please.) You don't need a lawyer, just a desire to pursue our rights and a willingness to test the limits.

"Where will it all stop?" the concerned editorialists gawk. Certainly not until our relationships—in their many-splendored forms—are recognized as every bit as valid as anyone's. And hopefully not until rights like a home and health care are not dependent on whether anyone is or isn't hitched, never mind to whom. ▼

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Living with AIDS

The Closet

by Charles Barber

"The queer, the beautiful, the gentle and the wondering will all go down before a race of healthy boobooons with football letters on their sweaters."

—John Horne Burns, *The Gallery* (1947)

Having AIDS is all so drearily familiar. The really sinister thing about it is how we're pushed back into so many closets most of us escaped long ago—back to a time many of us can remember all too well. "I've been here before," is a thought that crosses my mind with alarming frequency, and I wonder: What does AIDS remind me of so vividly? The closet. And then it comes to me: We're *supposed* to feel like this.

It's a truism by now that, "If AIDS hadn't happened, they would've had to invent it." After all, it was always meant to be this way: Somehow, some way, we would be handed *back*, our freedom stripped, neatly bundled in IV tubes; back to the realm of the medical, the legal, the psychological, the statistical. Back to the realm of the *scrutinized*. (There, after all, we can be obsessively studied yet powerless.)

A hospital room or a sick room is a kind of closet, too. There's the same anguish of the double life (in this case as we bounce back and forth between illness and wellness). There's the furtive activity in which secretiveness becomes preferred, if not essential. As we "spared" our friends and families the "pain" of our identity, so now we strive to spare them the pain of our depression. As we were "told" we

were queer, so now we are told we are terminal, based on the same bigoted generalizations. Surprise! The football hero who told us in seventh grade that we were queer because we crossed our legs the wrong way has grown up to be the researcher who tells us we're dying because of our obstinacy in refusing to go off drug X to get into a trial of drug Y. And the



doors of these closets are liable to be thrown open at any time by the same unwelcome monitors, irrevocably exposing us and confirming their own theories.

I know this because, after three years of diagnosis, although I may have little interest anymore in surviving medically, I do have an instinct, an old instinct, to survive homophobia and bigotry—even to triumph over them. If the anguish of living a double life returns, so, fortunately, does the

strength to find an identity. I have a long memory of this instinct—I think we all do. Surviving is not only (for me) a matter of fighting illness but more importantly a battle to resist outside constructions of the self.

At times I seem to find myself warming up to AIDS—after all, there is something so familiar about it. Then an inner voice nags at me: "You're buying the AIDS package, lock stock and barrel," it says in an accusing tone. I listen carefully to others who are diagnosed and wonder if they're accepting it so evenly. Is AIDS attractive? Does it fit some earlier self-image in ourselves?

Some of the people with AIDS I've known have been monsters: the meanest, rudest, most hateful jerks imaginable. I'm often that way, too. But I can forgive them (and myself) everything but acquiescence; it smells of collaboration. In the face of complaints, I want to shout: "No No Stop You Can Make It Keep Fighting Don't Give In!"

Instead, I nod sympathetically, shake my head, and make little clucking noises to demonstrate how well I know...

"Katherine—*on ne meurt pas*, *one never dies*," wrote D.H. Lawrence to his friend Katherine Mansfield as she struggled with T.B.: "I almost want it to be reflexive—*on ne se meurt pas*: Point! Be damned and blasted everything, and let the bloody world come to its end. But one does not die. *Jamais!*"

What a smart letter, what a good friend! How much more important than the endless, well-intentioned Kubler-Rossisms and Louise Hayisms that are fired off in our directions. I have a fantasy in which sick people everywhere throw their "self-help" death and dying textbooks out the window and instead sit on an outside step, crumpling up the pages

and playing basketball with the nearest garbage can.

Three years this month I've been diagnosed: a "long-term survivor." In other words, the fact that I am alive at all is more mysterious now than the fact that I could easily be, at the age of 32, ill, dying or dead.

Perhaps, then, it's not surprising that health and life have become for me the mysterious, the perplexing. Illness (four hospitalizations in the last year) are all too dearly familiar to be extraordinary.

What amazes me, although it's inescapably banal to say so, are the moments of what used to be called "life" that I am still occasionally granted, the sublime periods in between opportunistic infections when I can, for example, throw my bathing suit in a car and drive off somewhere to swim outdoors, or hike to a picnic or stand in a long line for a movie in the warm summer rain.

To the non-diagnosed, such moments have the profundity of a Hallmark card or a John Denver lyric. Unavoidably, the struggle against a terminal illness comes with some painfully silly clichés. Suffering is by definition banal, since everyone does it in pretty much the same way, so maybe it's not the quality of suffering that matters, or the quality of mercy, but the quality of banality? Do I have the courage to be banal, since, ultimately, it's the ordinary that becomes mysterious and magical.

Another triumphant survivor, E.M. Forster, wrote in 1937 in his journal: "Listening in the late dusk to gramophone records I did not know; smoking; the quarter moon shone as the light faded, and brought out sections of my books; motors coming down the Felday Road shone through the window and flung the tulip tree and pane shadows on the wallpaper near the fireplace. When the music stopped I felt something had arrived in the room: the sense of a world that asks to be noticed rather than explained was again upon me..." ▼

GAY LATINOS continued from page 26
backward or non-existent position. Humm.

And it's not the tug of war that is the only problem. Ya see, our culture defines homosexuality as something totally different from the current North American model. For us, relations between men are very closely related to gender roles. Who is the "wife" and who is the "husband," who is the activo and who is the pasivo. Many of us, even some of us living here in the USA, prescribe to the gender role differentiations. We perceive ourselves, and are perceived by others, as men who are women. Just look at the number of women-identified-men (a.k.a. drag queens) in the Latino gay communities. Or you can read it in our literature (e.g. Manuel Puig's *Beso de la Mujer Arana*). As a dear friend and colleague, Ernesto de la Vega, of the Brooklyn AIDS Task Force, says, "We are the third sex!" While Anglo-American gay culture enjoys parity between partners, in Latin America and the Latino urban ghettos in the USA, this parity is foreign to many homosexual men. When we fling open the doors of our closets our society tells us that we have become women. Women in our culture are the "servants" of their family. Then we too, become the "servants" in our relationships. Latinas are the strong cohesive elements within the family. Because we have learned well from our madres, hermanas, tias, and abuelas—we, too, become strong cohesive elements within our families and love relationships.

So while y'all have been celebrating 20 years of gay liberation, Latino gay men have been trying to figure out just which "liberation" we need first. I often ask myself, do we, as Latino gay men, need the gay liberation movement? Will it be the impetus for change? Or will it be more liberating for us if we look to the feminist movement and learn from, and identify with, and be empowered by our Third World sistas? Will we accomplish through the feminist movement

that which the Stonewall Riots accomplished that hot June night, 20 years ago? It is not that we are ranking oppressions—for as Cherrie Moraga writes, "to do so would result in our isolation, rather than our radicalization." Yet, maybe that's what happened with the Anglo-American gay movement. Oppressed white male homosexuals didn't identify with oppressed women, oppressed Third World people of color, oppressed poor and marginalized people, and the movement and vis-a-vis, the community, grew insular. Maybe it's naive of me to assume that Anglo-American gay men would self-identify as oppressed and marginalized men just by their experience of being homosexual. Or maybe the movement has been too busy figuring out what the next step would be after Stonewall—you know, not an easy step, at all. Then the devastation of the AIDS pandemic hit.

Am I excusing the reluctance or refusal to examine the "isms" that have eaten away at the fiber of our gay society? Nope, not at all. As you say in English, somehow we've lost sight of the forest looking for the tree. The past 20 years have been filled with struggle—we've been fighting hard for gay liberation...and against AIDS. Now we must begin to end this gay diaspora which oppresses and isolates men and women because of the color of their skin, their language, their country of origin, their culture and their folkways, their immigration status, their economic and educational background, their gender...we have to start searching right inside of ourselves.

Ultimately, it will lead now, as it did 20 years ago, to liberation—holistic liberation, if you please—for all of us: Latinos, Anglos, African-North Americans, Asians, Native Americans, Women, Men...

¡Unaté a la marcha—
es por tus derechos!
¡Unaté a la marcha—
es por tus derechos!

Draining the SWAMP

by Mark Harrington

In 1976, I met a breast surgeon whose life ambition was to write a book, called *Mastectomy*. Short and balding, he had married my mother's childhood best friend. They lived up and east, and displayed Warhol's *Marilyn* over their hearth as an artifact of cultural arrival.

This doctor was, I thought even then, the unpleasant relic of a period when patients weren't supposed to question their doctors, and when often crude and brutal treatments were sanctioned as "in the patient's best interest," no matter what she actually wished.

This man was a card-carrying member of SWAMP (straight white academic male professionals), and an ardent proponent of "radical" mastectomy, in which the breast with cancer, the underlying muscle and nearby lymph tissue are all removed. But the 1970s saw the development of alternative treatments for breast cancer: total mastectomy (in which the breast, but not underlying muscle and lymph is removed) and segmental mastectomy (a.k.a. lumpectomy), in which only the cancerous tissue itself is excised, leaving the breast as complete as possible.

When new treatments compete with traditional ones, doctors are often reluctant to change. The switch from radical to total to segmental mastectomy was accompanied by significant debate, not only on the part of the breast surgeons, but by the women themselves. In this, women with breast cancer prefigured people with

AIDS in the 1980s, who often challenge their doctors' judgment.

In April 1976, the National Surgical Adjuvant Project for Breast and Bowel Cancers (NSABP) began a clinical trial to compare total mastectomy vs. lumpectomy and radiation vs. lumpectomy alone. The multicenter trial was supposed to enroll 2,500 subjects and

Women with breast cancer prefigured people with AIDS who challenged their doctor's judgment..

take about three years. But after 44 months, only 519 patients had enrolled—16 percent of the target figure.

In 1980, the NSABP surveyed the 94 principal investigators (PIs) in the trial to see why enrollment was so slow. All the PIs were male. Major differences emerged between three groups of doctors: the 27 percent who enrolled *all* eligible patients in the study, the 38 percent who enrolled *some*, and the 35 percent who enrolled *none*. Eighteen percent of the doctors believed that total mastectomy was better than lumpectomy, and refused to enroll their patients in a trial which there was a chance of getting either. Thirty-nine percent of the doctors had trouble telling the patient he didn't know which operation was better.

Yet the most troubling issue for

the doctors in the study by far, cited by 73 percent of those who responded, was concern that enrolling their patients in a randomized clinical trial would jeopardize the doctor-patient relationship. Participating in a trial in which the patient is randomly assigned to alternative treatments challenges the traditional assumption that doctors know what's best. This assumption was already in question by the women's movement which powerfully reasserted women's rights to control their own bodies. The fact that all the investigators were male only aggravated the problem.

This study was written up by Kathryn Taylor, PhD, and others in the *New England Journal of Medicine* on May 24, 1984. Many of the issues it raises are acutely relevant during the AIDS epidemic. In the case of AIDS, it may have been easier for some doctors to admit that they didn't always know what was best for their patients, but horror

stories transpired when doctors insisted on choosing treatments for their patients without explaining them.

Other worries of the breast surgeons in the study have recurred during the AIDS crisis: Nine surgeons complained that patients' preferences had been so influenced by the media that random assignment was a difficult task; 15 surgeons believed that their rapport with patients might be jeopardized by enrollment in the trial; of the 48 surgeons who predicted a problem with the physician-patient relationship, none entered all their patients in the trial.

The conflict between doctors' roles as clinicians for their patients, and as researchers in the trial also emerged in the survey. Some doctors said they preferred to rely on their

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8th Ave. bet. 52nd-53rd
57th St. & Broadway NW
60th St. & CPW NE
66th St. & Broadway NW
69th St. & Broadway SE
71st St. & Amsterdam SW
72nd St. & Amsterdam SE
72nd St. & Broadway SW
72nd St. & Amsterdam SW
74th St. & Broadway NW
Candy Store, Broadway bet. 76th-77th
79th St. & Amsterdam SW
83rd St. & Broadway NW
86th St. & Broadway SE
86th St. & Broadway NW
75th St. & Amsterdam
90th St. & Broadway SE
99th St. & Broadway NE
110th St. & Broadway NE
Subway Downtown 116th St. & B'Way SW
104th St. & Broadway NW
96th St. & Broadway SW
93rd St. & Broadway, midblock W
Columbus bet. 86th-87th
Columbus & 75th St. SE
74th St. & Columbus SE
72nd St. & Columbus SE
Candy Store, 69th St. & Columbus W
Columbus bet. 68-69 E
54th St. & 9th Ave SW
9th Ave. bet 42nd-43rd St.

LOWER EAST SIDE

12th St. & Third Ave.
2nd Ave bet 9th-10th St.
2nd Ave. & 9th St. SE
3rd Ave bet 9th-10th St.
Lafayette & St. Mark's SW

St Mark's & 2nd Ave SW

2nd Ave. & 5th St.
1st Ave & 1st St. NW
Civilization 78 2nd Ave
Ave A & 7th
23rd St. & 3rd SW
24th St. & Lex NW
22nd St. & Broadway SE
Park Ave South St. & 21st
3rd Ave. & 20th St. NE

WEST VILLAGE

Papel And Things, Bleeker between 10th St. & Christopher
Alternative Card Shop, 85 Christopher St.
Greenwich Magazine, Hudson & Perry
Buscamp, 54 8th Ave.
Village General, Horatio & 8th Ave.
Chelsea Papers, 8th Ave. & 18th St.
La Boom, 23rd St. between 8th St. & 9th Ave.
7th Avenue between 23rd St. and 24th St.
Pisces, 7th Ave. & 22nd St.

7th Ave. between 15th St. & 16th St.
Subway, 7th Ave. & 14th St. SW

220 W. 14th St.
90 Greenwich Ave.
60 Greenwich Ave.
130 7th Ave.
113 7th Ave.

Sheridan Square Island
Parsley Sage, 7th Avenue & Barrow SE

Sullivan & Houston SW
6th Ave. & 3rd St. NE
164 W. 4th St. at 6th Ave.
6th Ave. & 8th St. SW

138 W. 10th St. off Greenwich
6th Ave. & 11th St. NE
486 6th Ave. & W. 12th St.

110 University Place

Hudson News, 753 Broadway

EAST SIDE MIDTOWN

27th St. & 3rd Ave. NE
2nd Ave. bet. 34th-35th St.
34th St. & Lex SW
34th St. & 5th SW
42nd St. & 3rd Ave. SW
42nd St. & 3rd Ave. NE
32nd St. & 5th Ave.
32nd St. & Broadway PATH
34th St. & 6th Ave. SE
34th St. bet 5th-6th Ave
36th St. & Broadway NW
36th St. & 6th Ave. SW
28th St. & Lex NW
28th St. bet Lex-3rd Ave.
33rd St. & Madison SW
37th St. & Madison NW
42nd St. & Madison NE
40th St. & 3rd Ave NE
59th St. & Madison SW
53rd St. & 2nd Ave. SE
50th St. & 2nd Ave. SE
2nd Ave. & 48th St.

3rd Ave. & 49th St. NW

3rd Ave. between 50th St. & 51st St.

53rd St. & 3rd Ave. SW

57th St. & Lexington SE

54th St. & 1st Ave. SW

UPPER EAST SIDE

1st Ave. between 57th St. & 58th St.
Cosmos Stationery, 58th St. & 1st Ave. SE
Lexington between 90th St. & 91st St.
86th St. & 3rd Ave. NW
86th St. & 3rd Ave. SW
3rd Ave. between 91st St. & 92nd St.
Laurie's Card Shop, 91st St. & 3rd Ave.
Lexington & 96st. St. NE
Lexington between 79th St. & 80th St.
Lexington between 63rd St. & 64th St.
Franky's 1st Ave. between 60th St. & 61st St.
1st Ave. between 62nd St. & 63rd St.
1st Ave. & 66th St.
1st Ave. between 68th St. & 69th St.
1st Ave. & 71st St.
1st Ave. between 73rd St. & 74th St.
1490 1st Ave.
79th St. & 1st Ave. NE
York Avenue & 79th St.

1st Ave. & 82nd NW
S&M Grocery, 1st Ave. between 86th St. & 87th St.

Don Diego Tobacco, 1st between 86th St. & 87th St.

2nd Ave. & 94th St.

2nd Ave. between 88th St. & 89th St.

86th St. & 2nd Ave. SE

86th St. & 2nd Ave. NE

86th St. between 2nd Ave & 3rd Ave.

2nd Ave. between 83rd St. & 84th St.

2nd Ave. between 82nd St. & 83rd St.

79th St. & 2nd Ave. NE

2nd Ave. & 72nd St. NW

Neo Boutique, 2nd Ave. & 72nd St. SE

2nd Ave. between 69th St. & 70th St.

2nd Ave. between 60th St. & 61st St.

59th St. & 3rd Ave. NE

60th St. & 3rd Ave. NW

3rd Ave. between 71st St. & 72nd St.

3rd Ave. between 78th St. & 79th St.

3rd Ave. between 83rd St. & 84th St.

BOOKSTORES:

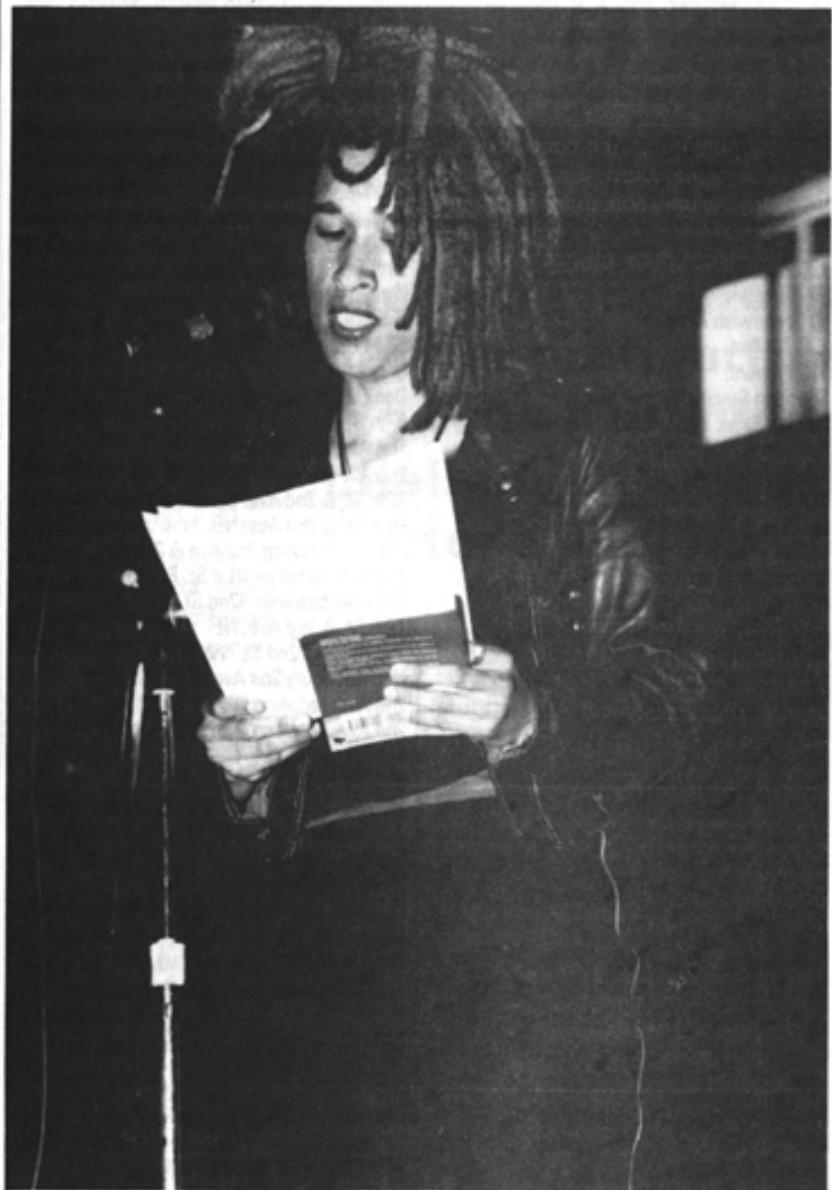
Coliseum Bookstore 57th St. & Broadway NW
Shakespeare Books 81st & Broadway SW
Papyrus 114th St. & Broadway
St. Mark's Bookstore 12 St. Mark's Place
Wendell's Bookstore, 8th Ave. & 12th St.
Spring Street Books, Spring between
Thompson & W. Broadway
A Different Light, Hudson St. at Perry
Oscar Wilde Bookstore, Christopher St.

**IF YOU DON'T SEE IT, ASK FOR IT.
IF THEY DON'T HAVE IT, BUG THE SHIT
OUT OF THEM.**

Battle Stations

***The Stations Collective Arms Itself
on the Front Lines of Creativity***

by Victoria Starr



STEAM LOCOMOTIVE:

Storme Webber reciting like a train at Divas and Desire, a Stations recital and performance at The Lesbian and Gay Community Center last month.

Photo: T. L. Litt

"It's the kind of thing where you don't know you're starving until you've tasted bread."

—Hadley Mays, *The Stations Collective*

The Black woman's voice. It is, perhaps, the oldest human sound on the face of the earth. Yet with the exception of an occasional muffled cry of despair, it is a voice that today is seldom heard. It was long ago silenced, like so many other voices of difference, potential weapons against the great white patriarchy. Voices which, if not silenced, could shatter the myth that behind every white man lies the Truth.

What's most amazing is how infrequently we recognize our own absence from the culture and heritage that we often call our own. The powers-that-be run a very tight ship, and with little or no exposure to alternative views and lifestyles, most of us know no better. We live, complacently, in psychic isolation. But then one day, when we least expect it, a brave soul comes along and shines a light in another direction. And if the metaphor fits, The Stations Collective is stockpiling floodlights, 'cause girlfriend, time is running out.

The Stations Collective is a group of women who combine poetry, theater, dance and music to recant a different version of the story of life. It's a story of reality, sometimes sad, sometimes trivial and often times outrageously funny. Most of all it is celebratory, as it exists to create a

time and space for all of us to see the common thread of human existence. It is a journey out of isolation, and a lesson in human bonding. It is an awakening.

What follows are thoughts shared by some of the collective's members: Dorothy Randall Grey, Maritza Matias, Hadley Mays, Pamela Sneed, Donna Freeman Tweed and Storme Webber.

Victoria Starr: How would you define the identity of The Stations Collective?

Pamela Sneed: There is not one whole group identity in terms of race, in terms of class, in terms of sexual preference. What is the basic unifying element of Stations is creativity, and people's commitment to creativity.

Dorothy Randall Gray: Especially women of color, and our commitment to our own creativity.

Storme Webber: And our commitment to providing a space for us where we may present our work free of exploitation, because that is a very real problem, even among our own.

As we talked, the obvious point that first came to mind was how radical it was for all of these women to come together and speak out through their art. The second thing that came to mind was how traditional what they were doing really was. After all, radio and television have only been around for less than a century, before which poetry, singing, dancing and storytelling were age-old traditions in even the poorest of communities. Common tradition, in fact, for all but the most elite. But what a toll this last century has taken on our traditions.

PS: When I first entered The Stations Collective I came from an extremely isolated place. I had always done work as an individual artist, I had presented, I had read poetry, but always creating on my own. I had never known about collaboration. So, for me, Stations was like this huge discovery. The biggest thing was learning that I was so isolated. I didn't know I

was alone. And that was a very painful, rude awakening which developed a need in me.

Hadley Mays: Before I got involved with Stations, I, too, was

shared ideas. Art was an integral part of your everyday living. It wasn't the artist over here, and everybody else over there. Everybody was creating together. I think that what we are

doing is to continue that tradition. In doing that we create an atmosphere in which people can identify with the writings and the characters, whether they're lesbian or straight, young or old. It's making art responsible to the people that it's being presented to, and that's a big part of what

we're about. We're not taking "Mary Had a Little Lamb" and trying to see how we can jazz it up for the theater. This is real stuff, because we're coming from a place where people had to

"I grew up feeling I was ugly, I was unintelligent, I was crazy. Now I want to validate other women, that they are not crazy, that they're not alone."

very isolated. I grew up that way in a lot of ways.

DRG: When you think about it, each one of us comes from a culture that was built on shared concepts and



A Capella Blues Belting:
Guest performer Sun Sound in Divas and Desire.

Photo: T. L. Litt



Music-making at Divas and Desire.

struggle to exist, but in that struggle there was some joy, some sharing, some art, and some life.

It was many years into adulthood before I began to appreciate the subtle ways in which my own female voice has been silenced, or at least (since I'm white), manipulated. In this most "advanced" of societies, the art of oppression has been refined to the point that it often goes unnoticed. No occupied territories here (police brutality aside), just a steady barrage of media images telling us how we should look, how we should think, and how we should feel. And when we don't see ourselves in the electronic mirror, we assume the lack is our own. We feel frustrated and ashamed.

SW: My mother was a lesbian

way I want my work to make others feel. Nobody has a right to make you feel ashamed of where you come from.

PS: I grew up feeling like a very ugly little Black girl. I was ugly, I was unintelligent, and all these things, and I always felt like I was crazy. Because I thought in certain ways, did certain things, dared to be different in my community, because I was a lesbian, or whatever. Now I want my presence to validate other women, that they are not crazy, that they're not alone.

In the course of our discussion, a lot came up about what it meant to work in a supportive environment conducive to creating. And while this is a major goal of Stations, it is ironic that the setting in which Stations was conceived was far from this ideal.

who came out in 1958. I was a minority in my family, because I'm the only Black person in my family, but I grew up in a gay sub-culture. In those days many gays could not get jobs, so my mother did what she had to do to raise us.

I was inspired when I first came to New York by Saphire, who, to me, took the elements in her life that people would tend to look down on, like the shame I felt when I was old enough to realize what society thought of where I came from, and she took those things and turned them into something beautiful. The way she made me feel is the

The original program entitled Stations was actually the idea of a faculty member at Hunter College. What she had in mind was to gather a collection of some of her favorite poems, and the women who had created them, and to present a multi-media showcase of the poems. Funding was received from assorted Hunter factions, and the event was set into motion. But pulling the project together proved a challenge for everyone involved, as the forces of society reared their ugly heads and everybody fell into their traditional roles.

PS: From a creative standpoint, there were a lot of constraints placed upon us, and I think it's important to define what those constraints were. In terms of the way Stations was originally set up, there was this one white woman who was in control of all these extremely powerful women of color, and before we knew it, we all began to feel the pressure that she was under as a director, trying to pull this thing together. But there's something that needs to be said about the way this thing was structured, because it is the age-old story, and it's a position that all of us have been in all of our lives. All of a sudden we looked at each other and said, "Goddamn, there is so much power here, why do we have this woman in this particular position?"

It's extremely important for women, and especially women of color, to have control over our own work. And in a predominantly Black and Latina collective, you cannot have a white person in control. It's psychological.

DRG: This woman held the purse strings, and she made the decisions. Who would be paid, whether or not there would be costumes, whether or not there would be special mikes, and all that. It was a very controlling atmosphere.

PS: The other point that is important concerns our own perceptions. It was incredibly difficult for us to believe that we *could* do something for ourselves. This is not only in terms of Stations, but in terms of our whole lives. It is a tremendous battle for us to take on all this responsibility for

our work, because it was completely convenient to have this white dictator to point a finger at. For us to take control is a struggle because it doesn't allow us any illusions. We can't say that because this woman is Black, or because she's Latina, that she'll automatically understand, and that she's gonna treat us all fair, you know what I'm saying? I mean, we are really struggling to work together and stay together.

DRG: When we felt like saying "Fuck it, I'm going home. If I have to lick another stamp, if I go to another meeting, if I give up another weekend, if I see this woman over here and she comes in with attitude one more time, I'm leaving." There's been times when I felt like if I have to see another one of these women of any color at all, I wanted to go home for a month, and all of us have gotten to that point. But it's like family, and you're gonna fall out, and you're gonna fight, but what keeps you there is that there's something larger between you.

In closing I asked the women to talk a bit about the inspiration that drives this labor of love, and to talk about their long-term hopes.

Maritza Matias: Dance came into my life as a healing tool, and I used it to express whatever it was that I was experiencing as a teenager. I feel that it is very important for me, as a Latina, to be on stage, in front of people. Because as Latina women, somewhere in our tradition we are taught to be very quiet, very passive. Verbally, individually, in the way we live our lives. So even if I have just one simple move, like my arm going across in the air, it's being seen, and that's important. It is important to show other Latinas that we belong out there, and the fact that I'm there represents a choice.

Donna Freedman Tweed: I plan to go on to medical school, so my work is also going to be healing. I want to give back to the person that power to heal themselves, so that they don't have to rely on outside help. That if they monitor their bodies, and their environments, that they have the power within themselves to heal themselves.

SW: In terms of my own work, I

would like my work to be a weapon in some woman's hand. I want people to squirm in their chairs. I want my work to be a tongue in people's ears. ▼

The Stations Collective will be hosting a tribute to Pat Parker, a Black lesbian poet who recently died, to take place Friday, September 15th at the

Lesbian/Gay Community Center, and will feature some of the nation's most important poets reading from Parker's work.

For booking information, or to get involved in any way with The Stations Collective, call (718) 638-6415.

like a train

by Storme Webber

*i remember how she / wd fuck me
like a train / inexorably on & on
like the cannonball run
casey at the throttle / & at bat
(but never striking out)
john henry slamming home that sledge /
whipping that machine / pistons driving driving
she wd have me / like that*

*like stagecoach mary / ambushing my pussy at the pass
(& no i wasn't just along for the ride)
all wet & sweaty like the horses
our flanks heaving / nostrils flared
inhaling that womanfunk
her juice waz my oats my sweet hay
my clover & sugarlump / all rolled into one
all rolling into one hilarious hayride of a fuck/
one breakneck gallop / pony express don't stop
till we bring it to you / of a fuck*

*the way bill picket dogged that runaway bull/
till he dropped / & nat love rode that bronc/
the way we rode each other till one of us gave in or out
& gave a war whoop
& feathers flying/
& engine pumping/ & us pumping
& she fuckin me/
like the last steam locomotive
hellbent for pleasure*

c. Storme Webber, 1989

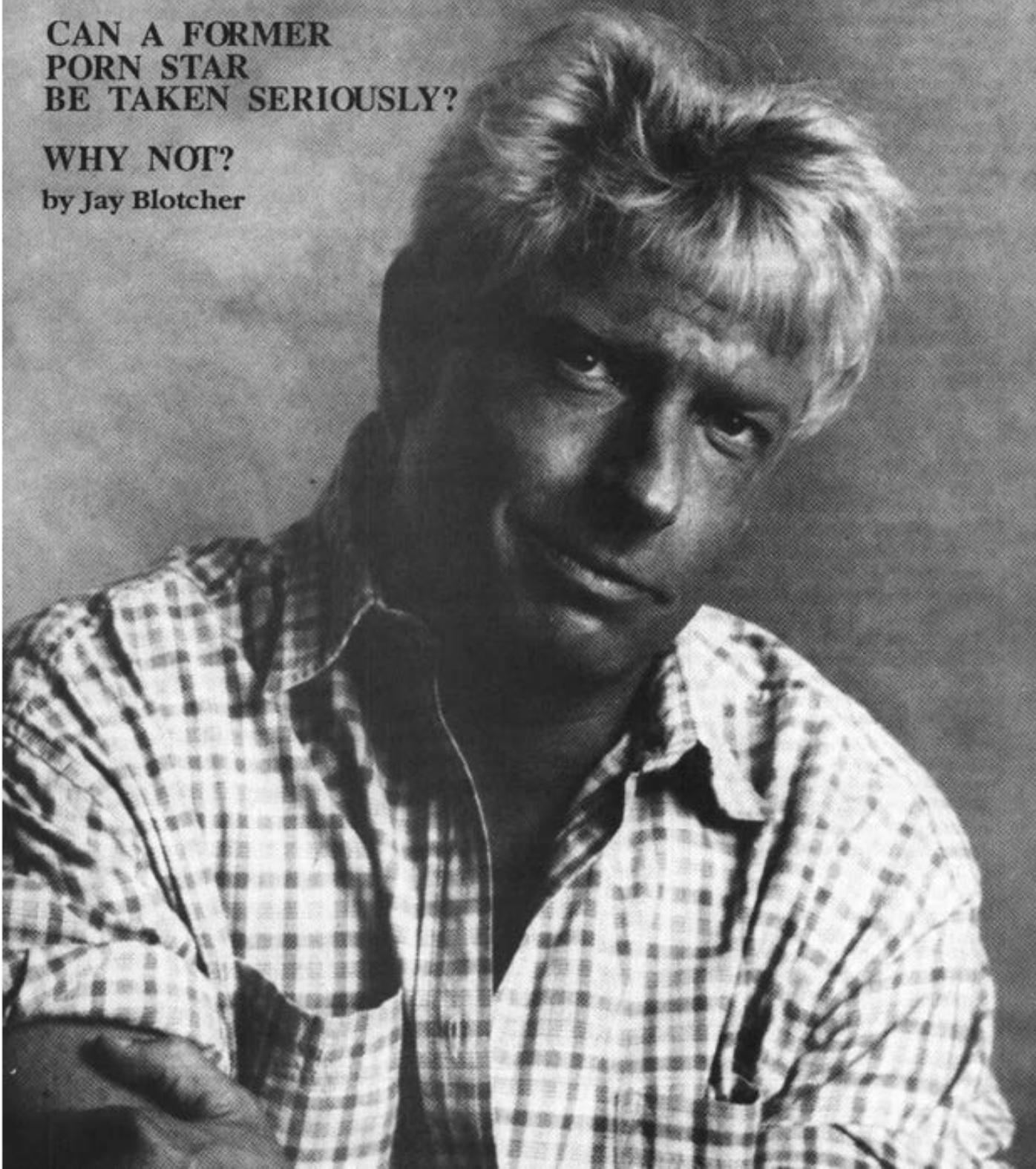
*published in "Serious Pleasure—Lesbian Erotic Stories
and Poetry" Sheba Feminist Publishers/London, 1989.*

JACK WRANGLER: BEYOND SEX

CAN A FORMER
PORN STAR
BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY?

WHY NOT?

by Jay Blotcher



If you're on the near side of age 30, the name Jack Wrangler may draw a blank. So kiddies, turn down the volume on your well-worn copy of *Like A Prayer* and gather 'round for a quick history lesson. For those on the far side of 30, the porn-star Jack Wrangler is linked with a scrapbook of memories. When sex was something you did without guidelines. When Saturday evenings at The Saint were spent in a poppers cloud that wafted you into Sunday afternoon.

In the middle of all this hedonism was Jack Wrangler, the clean-cut, blond boy-next-door type who happened to like sucking off other boys next door in flicks like *Hothouse* and *Navy Blue*. Mischievous, muscled and endearing in the way he met each preposterous porn film plot with wide-eyed irony. Inspiring in his approach to four-on-the-floor gymnastics. Wrangler was durable and memorable in an industry now clogged by faceless California twinkies. Even when he made the

unexpected jump to straight porn, he brought the boyish energy and overacting to his *The Devil in Miss Jones II* and *Jack and Jill II*.

For those who have survived the baths and the death of disco (plus the passing of countless friends), it is curiously comforting to see Jack Wrangler at the age of 43, even if he no longer shucks his clothes at a moment's notice. No bubbleheaded sex toy, Wrangler returned to stage production when spontaneous celluloid orgies became a tiresome. His irreverent autobiography *What's A Nice Boy Like You Doing* gave his career a second wind and introduced horny housewives (via the talk show circuit) to the man that much of gay America drooled over for years.

This month, Wrangler surfaces in *Soul Survivor*, a comedy about love, death and acceptance in the Age of AIDS. It is the opening week of the show and Wrangler is on the phone in the East 58th Street apartment he shares with chanteuse Margaret Whiting. He is chatting in the slick, jaunty

slang of a theater mogul about a favorable advance review. It is late afternoon and Wrangler is relaxing in a plaid shirt, white dungarees and white socks. When not filmed from the crotch upwards in majestic lust-o-vision, Wrangler stands a modest five-seven. The upper torso remains solid. His golden hair shows streaks of gray and there is a maturity to the once wild-eyed face. A Jack Wrangler doll, dressed in dungarees, boots and sporting a formidable basket, sits on the sofa. On the wall is a poster of the younger Jack, a luscious barechested boy, standing poolside in a cocky pose that dares as much as it seduces. All that, Wrangler says, was a carefully crafted image.

"When I started doing films and became a public sexual thing, I thought it would help me get over being shy and meeting people, insecure and kicking pebbles." He lights the first in a series of Marlboro 100s with a fancy brass lighter. "I got over my insecurity as a performer, but not in my personal life. I'm still very shy. If



SURVIVING SOUL:
Wrangler with Stacey Lane (left) and James Lane (top) in *Soul Survivor*.

Photo: M.D. Minichiello



"WHOEVER SHE IS, THAT'S NEW YORK"

Wrangler's inspiration and roommate, Margaret Whiting.

I'm attracted to someone, I don't know what to say. I don't know how to deal with it." Which means that on the odd night that Wrangler shows up at Ty's, the celebrated icon of porn finds himself going home alone.

Soul Survivor may change that, as well as introducing Wrangler to a new gay generation whose only heroes are Pee-wee Herman and Madonna. *Soul Survivor* is sometimes tender and sometimes a frantic farce. It deals with love among the ruins of the epidemic. Jerry (Jim Lamb) watched his lover Brian (Wrangler) die 17 months ago of AIDS, and has been unable to open his heart since then except to the occasional trick. Along comes sweet and sincere Mark (Stacy Shane) and Jerry puts aside guilt and decides true love can have a second go-around. But Brian returns from beyond to thwart the union and lay claim to his lover once again — or at least lay him for old time's sake.

Soul Survivor can be corny, even mawkish, in its approach to a heartrending issue, but it presents the situation in a goodhearted way that soothes many a troubled conscience. Wrangler explains the focus of the show. "It's all right to get on with it and take the relationship that you had as a wonderful moment in your life and cherish that. But there's more to life than that, and as long as you're on this earth, you have to take the next step. Otherwise, you're never going to grow; you might as well be as dead as Brian."

Wrangler is the late Brian, an incorrigible leather queen and stud, a pure product of the heady 70s club scene in Los Angeles where a gay man was measured by the number of notches in his belt. Brian has a field day. He races about the stage, teasing Jerry and Mark and wreaking havoc with the twitch of a finger. Wrangler mugs mercilessly, displaying the same exaggerated emotions and ironic looks

that gave his porn films a quality previously unseen: Humor.

Porn wasn't exactly a conscious career choice for Jack Stillman, the son of a well-known Hollywood producer at Paramount. During the early 70s, he was working on the Chicago dinner theater circuit, directing full-figured girls Betty Hutton, Yvonne DeCarlo and Jane Russell. "It became an awful grind," he recalls. "Just facing that roast beef night after night."

When his star attraction, veteran character actor Andy Devine, died at the end of a run, Stillman was left without a show to take on the road. So he headed back to the West Coast to ply his own trade as an actor in a non-equity show called *Special Friends*. Stillman could not use his real name in the non-equity show. Wearing a Wrangler workshirt, he hit upon an alias that stuck. The show was scheduled for a brief run, but it took off unexpectedly and Wrangler won a local acting award. He also garnered a reputation; because of a scene in the show where he strips, the centerfold offers starting coming in. Wrangler, coming off a bad relationship, craved the new-found adulation.

"It was a Walter Mitty thing. I thought, 'Wouldn't it be nice if people thought I was stud of the earth when I knew I wasn't?' He explodes into a spluttering laughter, his face screwing up.

Wrangler admits that he was closing the door on legitimate work when he began appearing in gay porn films. But he is philosophical about the switch. "I wasn't being offered *The Brady Bunch* at the time," he reasons. The L.A. starmaker scene was, and remains, staunchly homophobic. "What you do in your private life is perfectly all right in L.A. But don't even say the word 'gay' in television and film; people who run those industries don't even want to hear from that."

So Jack Wrangler, a shrewdly merchandised superstud porn star, was born. And Jack Stillman jumped into a fuck-by-day, fly-by-night existence of strip show appearances and eight millimeter wet dreams. But shy Jack still felt disconnected from the whole

experience. "I felt like an outsider, like a sharn. I felt I wasn't a hunk, just masquerading as a hunk. I didn't think I was any good at it."

"So with all that self-doubt, at the end of the day, I just came home and got in the shower and stumbled out to dinner. I didn't socialize much, because of my own insecurities, not because I didn't like the people."

"My Dad once told me, 'Just always know what your next chess move is going to be; if you're ahead of the game, you'll be all right.' Wrangler takes another cigarette and shakes his head. "I never did know my next move, but I lucked out."

In more ways than one. The field of gay porn has been hit hard by AIDS. Wrangler nervously rationalizes why he's still healthy: "As far as I can figure, I was never anally-oriented, either one way or another. It certainly happened in several of my films, but it wasn't my interest sexually. I was very frontal. But the tallies are not in yet; you still don't know. Up to this point I've been negative. But that doesn't mean three years down the line...I mean, how can you know?"

But Wrangler also credits his well-being and health to the woman who lured him from the porn-star life of drugs and sex back in the late 70s. That was singer Margaret Whiting, a legend in musical circles since her debut in the 40s with the hit song "Moonlight in Vermont." Exuberant and bawdy, Whiting is an unlikely but ideal foil to Jack's impish, impulsive behavior. "Anybody who knows Margaret and I say they understand the relationship completely," Wrangler says. How they met, the gay film stud and the diva, is pure Manhattan magic.

During the mid-70s, cabaret performers, actors and rabid Broadway fans would meet every night at Ted Hook's Backstage, a celebrated after-hours boite on West 46th Street. Jack had come to New York to peddle his studly image, wowing them three shows a day at The Jewel Theater downtown with a fantasy monologue and a simulated jerk-off scene between X-rated films. Like other members of the acting profession, Wrangler would finish his evenings at

Backstage. One night, he was unwinding with his manager when he glanced across the room at a woman, speaking in a husky and raucous voice, surrounded by a coterie of men. All Wrangler could see was the back of her head. He turned to his manager and said, "Whoever she is, that's New York."

When he discovered that the lively lady holding court was Margaret Whiting, Wrangler had to introduce himself. After all, Jack's father, Robert Stillman, had worked at Paramount with Richard Whiting, Meg's dad. Moreover, the Stillmans had called upon the Whitings, who were their neighbors in Beverly Hills many years ago.

Whiting greeted Wrangler like a long-lost friend and asked him what he was doing in town. Her nervous tablemates explained the nature of Wrangler's star stature, but Whiting was undaunted. Later that week, laden down with Saks Fifth Avenue bags after

"Whatever things I do, I do. I try not to do things that hurt Margaret or embarrass her professionally."

a shopping jaunt, Margaret Whiting took in a matinee performance at The Jewel Theater. After his performance, Wrangler acknowledged his special guest to the audience. The well-loved diva received a standing ovation.

Seemingly mismatched, they built their relationship from there. "One time I asked her to marry me," Wrangler says. "She said yes and we never discussed it again." (They've never tied the knot.)

Wrangler's sexuality is not an issue, but it was Whiting who urged Wrangler to leave the porn business. "Whatever things I do, I do. I try not to do things that hurt Margaret or embarrass her professionally. We trust one another in our lives."

There is no need to retread glory days of the past. Wrangler has written the book for a new musical, *Alias Jimmy Valentine*, based on a short story by O. Henry. The piece is being shown to possible backers after a successful workshop run. In addition, he is trying his hand at collaborating on a

novel called *Sell-Out*. His partner in this project is a celebrity of the inside trader world, a meek man named R. Foster Winans, who spent time in a white-collar prison after leaking market tips from his column at *The Wall Street Journal*. The result of his stint in prison was a bestseller called *Trading Secrets*. The novel concerns a man who wrote a forgotten novel about his memories of a childhood friend with polio. The novel is discovered and published to acclaim, and the chain of big-money deals and broken promises begins.

"I get a kick out of watching people do numbers on one another. If you're born into that world, it doesn't come as a shock to you."

Since Whiting will be out of the city the month of August, Wrangler wants to stay busy (when Whiting performs in New York, he sometimes produces her cabaret act). Another project is a book on famed composer Johnny Mercer. "I hate to face a blank page," he says. But if people still remember Wrangler for a creative orgy scene filmed during the mid-70s, he shrugs in response. "If you do something somewhat out-

landish, people remember that more than anything else and that's all right with me."

And all the fuss about him being a former porn star, Wrangler says he can't understand. Nor does he sense when somebody is looking directly at his crotch instead of his face on first meeting. "I'm not looking for trouble. I try to take people on face value as I assume they take me."

"When I meet people, I do not think, 'How are they reacting to Jack Wrangler?' I'm not thinking about myself; I'm thinking about how I'm reacting to them, or whether I'm making a good impression."

The old porn films are kept in a chest behind the sofa in the den. Wrangler hardly looks at them, except when friends come over and make a request. And when he sees young Jack, the cinematic stud, caught in a four-way fuck with a group of hunks, he just can't get off on it. "I look at my films and think, Jesus, how did anyone ever get turned on to THAT?" ▼

Look Out

AT 17-going-on-18, Garance Franke-Ruta is a teen-scene-queen-with-a-cause who makes hats and burns flags (and even makes hats out of burnt flags). A member of ACT UP, Garance splits her time between running from demo to demo screaming bloody murder, and running from boutique to boutique selling chapeaux. But her hats are, many times, a protest in themselves, such her "U.S. Out of My Uterus" head wrap or her "RIOT" cap (pictured here). A founding member of the three-week-old Radical Lesbian Action (RLA) activist group, Garance is concentrating on issues surrounding lesbian visibility. She herself of course has been very visible in her black and white checkered skirt with clothes-dryer-vent-tubing trim and her hot pink lace bra, which she sports sans shirt. Says Garance: "I like wearing as little as possible on my upper body."

—Michelangelo Signorile



Photo: T.L. Litt

Look Out



Photo: T.L. Litt

ON Essex Street between Houston and Stanton — where drug dealers are as commonplace as outdoor vegetable markets, and where IV syringes litter the sidewalk — a second floor apartment window is a clear reminder to all passersby.

—Michelangelo Signorile

OUT OF MY HANDS BY BRADLEY BALL

Dear Brad,

This friend of mine (he says he's straight) bought a compact disc player in June and I thought, thank God, he's finally caught up with the times, but in fact it's just been one nightmare after another. For instance, I called to tell him that the Capitol reissue of *Follies* was now available and he said that he already had the album and if he needed to hear Victoria Mallory and Justine Johnson sing "One More Kiss" he'd just listen to the *Sondheim Tribute*

album. Then I discovered that not only is he *not* replacing his old records with discs, he's even purchased some *new* records because he said they were less expensive. I've tried and tried to explain to him that he's missing the point completely but he says he's not going to spend extra money on something he only plans to listen to a couple of times. Now he's

even gone and bought a new record rack! What can I do?

-BLUE IN THE FACE

Dear Blue,

Precious little. Befriending a straight man is the moral equivalent of banging one's head against a brick

even get him drunk...once, maybe twice, but he's still a straight man and that's an immutable genetic flaw. For your peace of mind, if this friendship is worth it, you'll just have to lower your expectations. You may continue to help him select the right tie when he's to be seen with you in public but you are not, however, obliged to lend a shoulder when those albums start skipping.

Befriending a straight man is the moral equivalent of banging one's head against a brick wall...

wall and invariably results in frustrating situations exactly like the one you've outlined here (though one necessarily has to wonder what your friend is doing with the Sondheim Tribute album in the first place). Look, you can hector him about the value of replacing those scratchy old albums, you can give him better sweaters for his birthday, you can

money, he suddenly started ordering top shelf vodka. Maybe this magazine ought to run an exposé or something to warn other unsuspecting tourists like myself.

-FLEECED

Dear Fleeced,

I'm sorry you had an unpleasant experience in Vancouver. I, myself, have had some perfectly splendid adventures in that "Jewel by the Pacific," including one memorable shipboard Dominion Day Party in 1986 when the cast was much younger and we all of us truly believed, while fireworks briefly colored the sky above the fairgrounds, we could remain that happy for the rest of our lives. That, sadly, was not to be the case and we were subsequently pulled apart by shifting political and personal centrifugal forces until we arrived at that afternoon in Victoria, barely a year later, when nothing much remained to be said or done.

At any rate, the Free Trade Agreement to which you refer is a bilateral economic treaty which does not specifically apply to social transactions. Take heart, though, because if Free Trade accomplishes its true goal of annexing Canada as the 51st State, then we will share a common currency and people like Darrell will be cadging drinks from Hong Kong investors.

If I Were... by Liz Tracey

If I were a gay man, I'd want to sleep with:

Madonna
Julian Sands
Rough Trade
half of ACT UP
Anthony Andrews
Dolh Lundgren
Jeff Stryker
the guy in Madonna's "Express Yourself" video
Fran Leibowitz
Morrisey
your aerobics instructor
the Sixth Precinct
Axl from Guns n' Roses (even though he's a homophobic asshole)
Prince
Eartha Kitt

If I were a straight woman, I'd want to sleep with:

Madonna
Tom Selleck
Kevin Costner
half of ACT UP
Ken Olin
Robert Redford
Jeff Stryker
Jeremy Irons
Mel Gibson
Robbie Neville
the Soloflex guy
the Third Armored Division
the entire band of Whitesnake

Jon Bon Jovi
Tom Jones



by Michelangelo Signorile

Interesting Note Which Has Nothing To Do With The Rest of This Column So Help Me God: Back in the days when gossip columnists would refer to a group of gay men at a party as *a bouquet of pansies*, the word used to describe a woman who married a famous gay man in order to "protect" his career was a *beard*.

"I met Kelly Klein for the first time and realized that I was wrong about her all along. She is now on the fabulous list."

So says George Wayne in his "In The Raw" column in *Paper*. Is he for REAL? What fabulous list? The list of fabulous NIGHTMARES? This is the woman who married Calvin — yes, he of the Fire Island home and the parties with lots of hot boys — and instantly became a socialite (but still couldn't dress). Not too long ago, the usually bashful and timid society columnist William Norwich (New York Daily News) mustered up some spunk for a moment and wrote of how Calvin and Kelly live in separate apartments. He did more than just suggest that their marriage was arranged. (After all, with AIDS came a sudden desire among the rich and famous to "cosmeticize" — and I don't mean wearing make-up.)

Anyway, Liz Smith (New York Daily News), a dear old friend of Calvin's, came to his side at the time and gave Billy Norwich a vicious lashing in her column the next day. Liz had written of how Kelly and Calvin were such a nice couple and how nasty it was that Norwich tried to suggest what he did. Liz, of course, is no

stranger to cosmetology herself.

Anyway, now here's George Wayne, whom I've fluttered about many a nightclub with, saying that Kelly's his new best friend. It only reminds me of the time I went to Brazil with Stephen Saban of *Details*, and other columnists. Saban became highly upset when Michael Musto (*Village Voice*) and I took off with the twin boy chauffeurs. The next night he got drunk and tried to get the boys up to his room. But it didn't work. He came back to New York and wrote



a column that depicted Musto and I as crazed homosexuals and depicted himself in a posed photo looking up a woman's ass (but this is all another column).

In an item headlined "The Oddball World of James Mason," some

homophobe at Page Six (*New York Post*) writes of how James Mason was "accused of being bisexual" — as if it's something to be guilty of...Wonder if Suzy's (*New York Post*) editors realized that a photo of the highly unattractive socialite Marylou Whitney was captioned "Gone To The Dogs" (Suzy was writing about how Whitney was attending the Saratoga Dog Show)?...Liz Smith has an interesting note (and a first) at the end of her column these days: "Liz Smith is on vacation. This column is a collaboration with St. Clair Pugh and Denis Ferrara." Not even to get into the issue of whether or not Liz is sitting on a beach with a cordless phone talking to these two guys, I'd like to know why the men's photos are not at the top of the page too. It could look sort of like Mount Rushmore...Michael Musto's blind (as in unidentified) discussion of activists — AIDS activists who are fashionable and fabulous and love publicity (in addition to being committed...but, of course) — seems to have focused on at least one *OutWeek* contributing writer and two people who've been profiled on our *Look Out* pages. But, we'll never tell.

Note to Liz Smith: It's now day 20. Where's my fucking letter? ▼

If I Were... by Andrew Miller

If I were a lesbian, I'd want to sleep with:

Madonna
Rita Moreno
Phranc
Jody Foster
Liz Tracey
Liz Smith
Joan Armatrading,
Tracy Chapman, K D Lang
Cynthia Heimel
Isabelle Huppert
Cher
Miou Miou
my college French teacher
Grace Jones
Sigourney Weaver
Melanie Griffith
Ruth Messinger
my shrink
Ann Northrop
Catherine Deneuve
CISPES members
C.O. Julia Thompson

If I were a straight man, I'd want to sleep with:

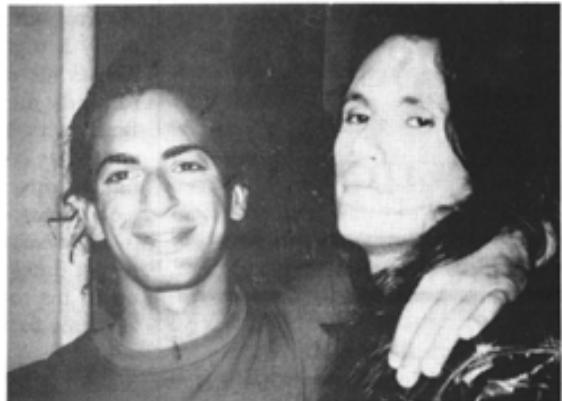
Madonna
Sally Field
Mrs. Fields
Donna Mills
Farrah Fawcett
Fawn Hall
Samantha Fox, Debbie Gibson,
Belinda Carlisle
women in American Express ads
Kelly McGillis
Cher
Roz Abrams
girls who hang out at Tekk Billiards
Robin Givens
La Horra Van Zandt
all women in Vixen
Connie Chung and Kaity Tong
Jodie Watley
Cyndi Lauper
Catherine Deneuve
female bond traders
all women who give out perfume
samples at Bloomingdale's

Pop Shots

Photos by Erich Conrad



A TISH BY ANY OTHER NAME...
The devastatingly rare Ginger Snap (l.) with Mr. Fashion at Pyramid



STITCHIN' PARTY ANIMALS
Designers Marc Jacobs and Michael Schmidt at Boy Bar



NEW YORK AND BUST
Toni toning up at Sound Factory



SAY AAAH, DO.
Red Hot Chili Pepper Flea (l.), doorman Sue Sherman and friend stick it out at Cave Canem



A NEW WAY TO HAVE YOUR TEETH CLEANED
Black Beauty (r.) and oral hygienist at Cave Canem



STARS AND TYPES FOREVER
Lucrecia at Love Machine



KIDS, DON'T TRY THIS AT HOME
Rebecca at Love Machine



POP, NO BISMOL
Iggy Pop (l.) with Rob Roederer at Cave Canem



BAD GIRLS RULE
Beth at Love Machine



TWO eds ARE BETTER THAN ONE
Details' Stephen Saben and OutWeek's Gabriel Rotello at Cave Canem



MADAM, KINDLY REMOVE YOUR HEAD
The electrifying Lucy at Love Machine



A CURRENT DESPAIR
Miss Olympia at Pyramid



EC-stra, EC-stra, READ ALL ABOUT IT
Goldilocks at Sound Factory

Looking for LUBE in all the Wrong Places

By Michelangelo Signorile

IT was a Friday. Late afternoon. And I was looking for lube.

Previously I'd always bought it in some West Village sex emporium, or else my boyfriend would get it free from work (GMHC). But now I was determined to find lube in my neighborhood — the East Village — if only to convince myself that lube was to be had there.

This is my true tale of desperation and humiliation.



LUBE GURU?
Rollerena

Photo: T.L. Litt

5:00 p.m.

I'm walking down Second Avenue between 12th and 11th Streets. I run into David Myron from the Living With AIDS Fund. I don't know him very well, so I allow for some small talk before springing the question.

"David, do you know where I can get some lube around here?"

He directs me to a beauty supply store on 10th Street and also tells me about "the place with the skull in the front on St. Mark's." Fine.

He warn's me that I won't find anything fancy. "No colors, or fruit flavors." All I want is ForePlay with nonoxynol-9. What could be simpler? It's what everyone uses, right? They even endorsed it at the Women and AIDS teach-in. (Maria and Heidi use it, for God's sake!)

5:10 p.m.

There's no lube, at least not that I can see, at the discount beauty supply store on 10th Street. And I simply don't have the gumption to ask the four heterosexual teenagers working there if they have it. Besides, I figure, I'll just go the "the place with the skull in front of it."

5:20 p.m.

I'm on St. Mark's but I can't find any place with a skull. As I wander aimlessly, I run into Rollerena in front of Dojo's. We embrace, kiss, say "hi."

"Do you know where I can get some lube around here?" I query.

"Some what?" says the puzzled roller-skating-disco-queen-turned-roller-skating-disco-activist.

"Lube."

"What?"

"Lube."

"What?"

"You know. Lubrication."

"Oh, you mean GREASE!!! Ha! Are you and that love doll still speakin' in tongues?"

"Yeah, listen, do you know where I could get the lube?"

"Sure, go up to the corner, turn right, two blocks...."

"Thanks, Rolla."

I zip off, but when I get about 20 yards away, she calls back to me.

"Darlin!" she screams, in front of about 100 people eating on the sidewalk cafe. "Have a great time getting your hole plugged!"

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A Boys' Guide to Girls

by Liz Tracey



It has now been 20 years and some weeks since Stonewall. My friends and I were between the ages of three and nine (give or take a few years for vanity) when the fags and dykes fought back. Most of us came out ten or so years after that, and we have been a product of our politics, and our times.

I think we are a generation that doesn't take to the closet easily, and have everyone before us to thank. Perhaps we are the most privileged, and the most threatened. Just as New York looked like Wonderland, we were sitting in a GLYNY (Gay and Lesbian Youth of New York) meeting in 1983, having our first safe sex workshop. I was told that I didn't really need to be there, since women weren't at risk. If only it had been so simple...

But the boys in the room wanted us to stay, and so did we. We were fascinated with each other, in a way that being young and naively jaded could only produce. We asked each other about sex in detail which I now blush when thinking about. Sometimes, we had crushes on each other, and once in a while, I found myself kissing someone whose razor stubble tickled my face in a very unfeminine way.

I just want all you boys to know that I love you, I think you're hot, and I think you still don't know enough about us girls. Just because you all start reading Sarah Schulman doesn't mean you know the lesbian nation. It helps though.

So here's a helpful hints guide for you men out there who want to know and love us, but just can't seem to understand who we are, deep down in our souls (and other various organs).

* Yes, WE HAVE SEX. Some of us more than others. If you guys have been told that the penis is the center of the universe, then having two penises is like a galaxy unto itself. So it's hard for two girls to get together and get over the fact that there's nary a penis between them, and they're still having fun. But the post-Stonewall generation seems to be knocking these little problems down at an alarming rate.

Overheard at the Sunday Pride March, ACT UP contingent:

BOYS (chanting): Fags and dykes, we like to suck. We have gay pride up the butt!

GIRLS (to each other): Can we say that?

ONE HOT BOY: Do you like it?

ONE HOTTER GIRL: Yeah... (she blushes)

BOY: So say it! (he pauses for a moment) Uh, do girls really do that?

With this said, when we have watched the same film together and you think that scene of the two women kissing was really erotic, don't be surprised when we are snoozing from all the excitement. We can be as sleazy (and sensitive) as you.

* While making jokes about being "on the rag" date back centuries...when you're on it, it's not that funny. Not that we want you to censor yourselves, just be nicer to us when that time of the 28-31 cycle rolls around. Because until you're doubled over from your womb trying to rip its way out of your abdomen, and you're gushing like Old Faithful, guys, you don't have a clue to the "thrill of being a woman."

* We rarely make more money than you do, so take us out and buy us drinks.

* The lesbian nation is DIVERSE, and we mean DIVERSE. While some of us worship the ground Ferron walks on, others think that "Snowing in Brooklyn" is as pleasurable as menstruation (see above). "I am a lesbian. But I hate women's music. What is wrong with me?" This is another particularly generational problem. We didn't grow up with Holly, we started with Madonna. And New Order, and the Dead Kennedys *ad nauseum infinitum*. So when we're at your house, don't feel compelled to bring your Chris Williamson collection out, unless requested.

* We have to take care of each other. That means nagging phone calls only your mother would make, walking each other home, and holding each other when that piece of work we met at Mars/Cubby Hole/that party last week doesn't call, or write, and then snubs us at said location. An army of lovers, ex-lovers and their best friends can never be defeated. (But they can give attitude, girlfriend...)

Next week: "Gesbians" ...The Truth at Last!!!

THE RIGHT THING ON THE RIGHT THING

Some Words on Spike Lee's Movie of the Year



INCITING THE PIZZA REBELLION
Giancarlo Esposito as Buggin' Out.

by Eva Yaa Asantewaa

The easiest way to find trouble is to look for it.

Even before Spike Lee's *Do the Right Thing* opened in New York theaters, some commentators took it upon themselves to warn America that the film, with its climax of racial conflict and lethal police brutality, could set off a summer of violence. Consequently, *Do the Right Thing* has become a phenomenon. Lee, its producer-writer-director-star, intends it to be more than a summer diversion. He wants to move people to talk about racial polarization of our society and, more pointedly, Edward I. Koch's New York as we approach election time.

Though angered by the charges levelled at his film, Lee can barely complain about the extent of the publicity generated by this controversy... publicity unprecedented for the work of an African-American filmmaker. One issue of *The Village Voice*, for instance, devoted eight articles to the film and its pivotal players. The *New York Times* convened a panel and published its discussion of the film on the front page of the Arts and Leisure section. Lee's time, though forced, has surely come. Many a white American or European filmmaker might envy this scrawny young guy in his home-boy drag.

With all the ink and hot air swirling around *Do the Right Thing*, it is ironic that the film is largely concerned with the positive or negative power of language (not only words, but music, images, gestures and dance). Words are loaded with power and history, and yet we play with them like toys. "I'm going to kill somebody today," says Sal (Danny Aiello) in a cranky mood when we first meet him. His casual words will echo down the length of the film.

Sal, a middle-aged Italian-American, owns a pizzeria in Brooklyn's Bed-Stuy. You can tell that Sal has been trying to do the right thing, as he understands it, for many years—working hard to build his business from scratch, providing work and a future for his two sons, proudly feeding the youngsters of a neighborhood that is not his own, hiring an African-

American to be his delivery boy (Lee playing Mookie), and blocking Pino, his bully of a son, from acting out his overtly racist attitudes. Sal sees himself as accepting, even nurturing, of Blacks. He fails to see how attached he has become to what he can do for Blacks—too attached to his power and his property, the pizzeria, as the seat of that power.

In Aiello's mature, wonderfully variegated performance, Sal is a man capable of genuine sensitivity but also crass, insensitive reaction. You can easily find his buttons (all about control), push them, and watch him forget that "the right thing" has something to do with the value of human life. In Lee's vision, Sal stands for the type of guy who feels he's beyond racism and that it's easy to rid our society of racism simply by people working affably and quietly side by side. That is, until a power struggle brings up the fear hidden beneath his benevolence.

Some of Lee's effects in *Do the Right Thing*—dizzily tilted camera angles, angry faces nearly filling the screen, characters shouting breathless strings of insults and ethnic slurs—recall the flashy excesses of *School Daze*. But there's little evidence that Lee wants to do the sophisticated thing. "Lift Every Voice and Sing" (a.k.a. "The Negro National Anthem") tentatively opens the film, soon routed by Public Enemy's "Fight the Power," anthem of a new generation. Rosie Perez dances to this muscular rap, a woman transmuting anger into ecstasy. Here's the energy, Lee says. The stability may be with oldtimers like Da Mayor (Ossie Davis), a grimy but wise and caring drunk, and Mother Sister (Ruby

Dee), the flinty busybody who hides her good heart. But they are stuck in time, and the young have no time for history. The clash of cultures and generations will bring tragedy to Bed-Stuy—with Sal's pizzeria as the focal point of the neighborhood's frustration. Clearly, there's a need for balance. Although Lee has been accused

questioned the reality of this setting—not grim enough for an urban ghetto. Lee presents the spiritual essence of a neighborhood, and we can choose to see it or not. He then shows how prejudice can make everyone—the judge and the judged—completely shut off to healthy communication. There's an overwhelming sense of loss throughout the film, culminating in unnecessary death and destruction.

The pizzeria becomes a battleground. First, Buggin Out (Giancarlo Eposito), the neighborhood radical, complains that the photos on the wall (all famous Italian-American stars) don't exactly represent the racial composition of Bed-Stuy, and he demands a change.

Then Radio Raheem (Bill

Nunn) descends—as always, blasting Public Enemy from his boom box. He's the neighborhood scapegoat, a glowering, silent hulk. Only Mookie can get a smile and a conversation out of him. He has an amusing duel with a Latino with a boom box loaded with Ruben Blades tunes. And twice, he gets a rise out of Sal. The second time,

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An irony of the flak surrounding the film is how some critics questioned the reality of the setting—not grim enough for an urban ghetto.

of advocating violence, I believe he merely draws us a garish picture of the problem and asks us to work out the solution.

The feeling of Lee's Bed-Stuy is warm—floating on music, alive with likeable people, sly humor, golden tones and bright colors in the blistering summer sun. Another irony of the flak surrounding the film is how some critics



FIGHTING THE POWER
Spike Lee and Danny Aiello.

Lost in La-La Land

The Long Weekend, written, directed and produced by Gregg Araki.

by Karl Soehnlein

I pity the child raised in Southern California during the 1980s. Portrayed as being weaned on MTV, fueled by and released out onto Melrose Boulevard, an entire generation seems to have been rendered jaded and inactive by the age of 25. At least the rich, white, educated ones. I still held hope for the L.A. baby born on the margin, but has dashed that too. Filmmaker Gregg Araki, himself Asian-American and gay, might have offered a challenging vision, one based on being doubly an outsider. However, the film, which premieres Sunday, July 30, at the Asian-American Film Festival (see box below), instead delivers a familiar tale of the Listless Generation.

Three friends, a gay man, a lesbian and a straight woman, reunite a few years after college to spend a weekend in La-La Land, each bringing along their significant other. Setting itself up as an antithesis to the yuppie apologists of, offers little more than the status quo it



The Asian-American Film Festival opens Thursday, July 27 with a benefit showing of the Oscar-nominated *Who Killed Vincent Chin?* With a wide variety of work including features, short experimental films, animation and documentaries, the festival is one of the premiere showcases for work by Asian-American filmmakers today. Highlights include Alex Law's *Painted Faces* (photo) as well as new work by Wayne Wang, Alex Law and Jon (Der Elvis) Moritsugu, and another chance to see Trinh T. Minh-Ha's *Surname Viet Given Name Nam*. For more information, call Asian CineVision at 925-8685.

abhors so completely. Araki's characters have a cursory liberal understanding of the reactionary 80s. Unfortunately, they are so overwhelmed by the prevailing political climate that they never rise above their own inability to challenge it.

Nowhere is this more apparent than around AIDS. Michael—the film's lead character (a gay filmmaker, but, curiously, not an Asian-American)—is panicked by the epidemic. He fears losing his ex-lover Alex to the virus, but no talk of safer sexual practices arises—unbelievable considering that they've both come out in the age of commonplace condom use. Later, Michael watches a TV report which broadcasts a statement from the factually inaccurate Masters and Johnson AIDS book saying that it's possible to get AIDS from a toilet seat—to which Michael responds, "I'd change the channel but I don't want to get up." (What, no remote control?) It's hard to care about a character who refuses even the simplest remedy to his fear—like getting off his ass.

The supporting characters fare better. Leah, a bleach-blond, post-punk lesbian, is the film's only character with any clear sense of identity—firmly anti-cock, she refers to Mr. Coffee as "the world's only indispensable man." She also has the smarts to split from her morose girlfriend Rachel, who's taken to saying things like, "I feel like putting my head through a plate-glass window."

Early on, Michael asks, "Where would we be without our adolescent angst?" The answer: he'd be somewhere, but caught in this depressing L.A. rut. I wished someone in this film would find a shred of possibility for the future. Perhaps the best hope is for Leah and Alex, who take off in a stolen car, their respective partners left behind to wallow in self-pity without them.

Despite its often stunning cinematic quality and some hip, clever dialogue, the film never gets past its own excessive malaise. Araki seems to have benefitted from years of film study, but not from years of . Most of the film is simply a case of post-collegiate, artistic wanna-be's whining about how "confused" and "lost" they are, and doing nothing about it. I kept wishing someone would just tell them to do the right thing. ▼

Books

Strange Bedfellows

by Jack Nichols

Refusing to be a Man: Essays on Sex and Justice
by John Stoltenberg, Breitenbush Books, Inc., 1989, 225 p., Portland, Oregon.

Before reading Stoltenberg's *Refusing to be a Man* I'd been sorely tested by his essay in the magazine *Changing Men* where he complains about "hysterical animosity" to his anti-Cause from the gay community. His anti-Cause is sometimes called Dworkinism after Women Against Pornography's Andrea Dworkin (whom he cites 26 times in his source notes). However, Stoltenberg seems to prefer a heavier, more lengthy name for his anti-Cause: *The Radical Feminist Anti-Pornography Movement*. He writes: "The definitive history of this influential movement has yet to be written." Presumably when it is, he, Stoltenberg, will have earned himself a major place, since he is co-founder of *Men Against Pornography* in New York City.

Stoltenberg says: "I don't think anyone needs convincing that the gay community, taken as a whole, tends to view its naked political self-interest as lying somewhere in bed with the likes of Al Goldstein...to say nothing of various notables in organized crime."

In Stoltenberg's speech at the NYU Law School (4-4-87), which he titled "You Can't Fight Homophobia and Protect the Pornographers at the

Same Time," he stepped from one perfectly acceptable position (as far as I'm concerned) to another until he abruptly confused what he repeatedly called "sex discrimination" with commercial availability of pornographic imagery.

He's right, I believe, to say that gay people must recognize their stake in the equality of the sexes. But he's loony-tunes when he leaves this theme and falsely equates gender equality with no tolerance for pornography. He sees evil in the tendency of gay porno-afficianados to buy their magazines in stores that sell straight bondage materials, showing women gagged at the mercy of male ghouls. Well, I don't like those magazines either. But censorship is not the answer. It's the culture we've got to change. My personal radical analysis tells me that Mr. Stoltenberg has no pity for the poor and for the unattractive whose only sexual experiences are with magazines. But things just don't work that way, John. Have you missed the gay equivalents of bondage mags? Do you think sadomasochism and bondage occur only in the male-female coupling, with the male always on top? Have you ever heard of Monique Von Cleef, the sado-maso Madam who fled New Jersey for The Netherlands when her torture chambers were unearthed? Do you not blame too much only men for enjoying erotic photography—or objectification, as you call it? Have you never heard

"I can't think of any book whose subject matter is so necessary to be read, heard, discussed, used. I am a better soul for having read it."

—ALICE WALKER

REFUSING
TO BE A MAN



JOHN STOLTEMBERG

Nancy

Sinatra sing, "These

boots are made for walk'in all over you" or Perry Como crooning, "I'm just a prisoner of love"? Do you know nothing of *On Our Backs*, the lesbian sexual entertainment magazine with 48 pages of erotic fiction, features, photos and sex advice? Then why dump, John, as you so blatantly do, all criticism at the feet of men? In this fast-developing androgynous era, both men and women are turning double gender paths into a one-lane superhighway. Weight-lifting and pornography both objectify segments of the body, male or female. Both stress what I call *anatomical overfocus*, a localized appreciation that zeros in on parts: the penis or the breast, or the ass, or the pecs, or the biceps. When I worked as *Screws* first managing editor I vividly recall how a reader mailed me a photo of nothing but his flaccid penis. On the back of

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Gay-Owned Record Labels Survive and Thrive

by Larry Flick

IF you switch on MTV any time of the day or night, or open almost any rock-oriented magazine, you're going to see enough gender-bending to make your head spin. The long-accepted roles that society dictated for men and women have been shattered in pop music. Men invest tons of money in Maybelline eyeliners, and women are quite adept at swaggering guitar-hero poses.

Even the rock and roll concept of sexuality goes against the grain. Despite the obvious dangers, sex in rock seems to carry an "anything goes with anyone" label. Given this context, you might expect homosexuality to be easily accepted within the rock community—but it's not.

"This is still a highly closeted industry," says Marty Blechman—and he should know. As the president of Megatone Records, Blechman is a rarity in the music business; an openly gay record executive. When he founded Megatone in 1981, Blechman had to decide how much of his private life he was willing to make public.

"There actually wasn't a choice for me to make," he says. "I couldn't live my life, or run my business, in the closet."

While such a decision has, in Blechman's opinion, hurt his label in terms of getting mainstream radio airplay for his artists, being tough enough not to hide in the shadows has provided a form of compensation that sales and chart figures never could. Although Megatone is not formally known as a "gay record company," it has been the home of several premiere gay artists. The most



SPAWNING GAY DISCO CLASSICS
The Group Modern Rocketry

famous of all would have to be one of the label's earliest stars, the late Sylvester.

"We met while I was working as a DJ at The City (in San Francisco)," Blechman remembers. "Sylvester heard the 'I Feel Love' megamix that Patrick (Cowley, keyboard/studio whiz, and co-founder of Megatone) and I had worked on. He loved it, and hired Patrick to tour with him as a keyboardist."

The tour was a success, and Cowley and Blechman found themselves with enough cash to finance a record.

"I encouraged Patrick to use all of his gear to crank out Hi-NRG, because there was a void," Blechman says. "Our first production together was 'Menergy.' We couldn't give it away. Finally, some hippie-type record company people paid us \$500 for it. 'Menergy' went number one, and the rest is history."

It most certainly is. And, unfortunately, not all of it is pleasant. Not long after Megatone had become established, Cowley developed AIDS.

"As Megatone exploded, my partner and best friend grew weaker," Blechman says. "He was never really able to enjoy his success or money." Cowley died November 12, 1982.

BUT

time moves on, and Megatone has, through the years, proven to be a durable force in the music industry. Besides the smashing success of Sylvester, the label has spawned gay disco classics like "Right On Target" by Paul Parker, "Homosexuality" by Modern

Rocketry, and more recently, "Planet Nine," recorded by Nick John, a producer/keyboardist whom many have likened to the late Cowley. Some of these records have found their way into mainstream clubs and radio.

But there's more to Megatone than pumping Hi-NRG. With house music currently all the rage, Blechman will soon debut a new specialty label, called simply Megatone House. "We Stand Together," an anthem by Nick John, is planned for release shortly.

As courageous as Blechman has been in his decision to place himself under the continual scrutiny of the



FINANCING THE DREAM
The late, great Sylvester.

homophobic record industry, he is not alone. Judy Dlugacz has toiled among the ranks of independent labels for 15 years now. As the president of Olivia Records, Dlugacz has given her all to present music "by women for everyone."

Olivia Records puts out folk music for people who like the real thing, not glossy, over-produced facsimiles. High on their priority list is Chris Williamson, one of the label's best-selling artists. Her music has the capacity to move the heart and soul much in the way of Michelle Shocked and Holly Near. It's Williamson's music which best exemplifies the very existence of Olivia Records.

"Olivia was born out of the necessity of getting music to the people," says Williamson. "It's less a record company than a vessel with wonderful talent on it. Our job as artists is to bring the ship in."

Dlugacz formed the label at the age of 21 with four partners, a \$4,000 loan, and absolutely no experience in the music business. She views Olivia's longevity as a tribute to

the grass-roots support of other women seeking a home for their music.

"We've received volumes of letters from women acknowledging Olivia for giving them the courage to pursue their dreams in the music world," Dlugacz says. "We have an enormous commitment to bring quality, soulful music to women and men all over the world."

This year being the fifteenth anniversary of Olivia Records, Dlugacz has planned a series of special events, the most exciting being a year-long concert tour which will take the company's roster of artists all over the country. The culmination of this project takes place at Carnegie Hall this fall. But this tour shouldn't be perceived as a potential end of an era...merely the continuation of one.

"I want Olivia to be for women recording artists what Motown was for Black artists," Dlugacz offers. "Although we are recognized within the industry for the inroads we have created, we are still the David of David and Goliath—we keep slinging."

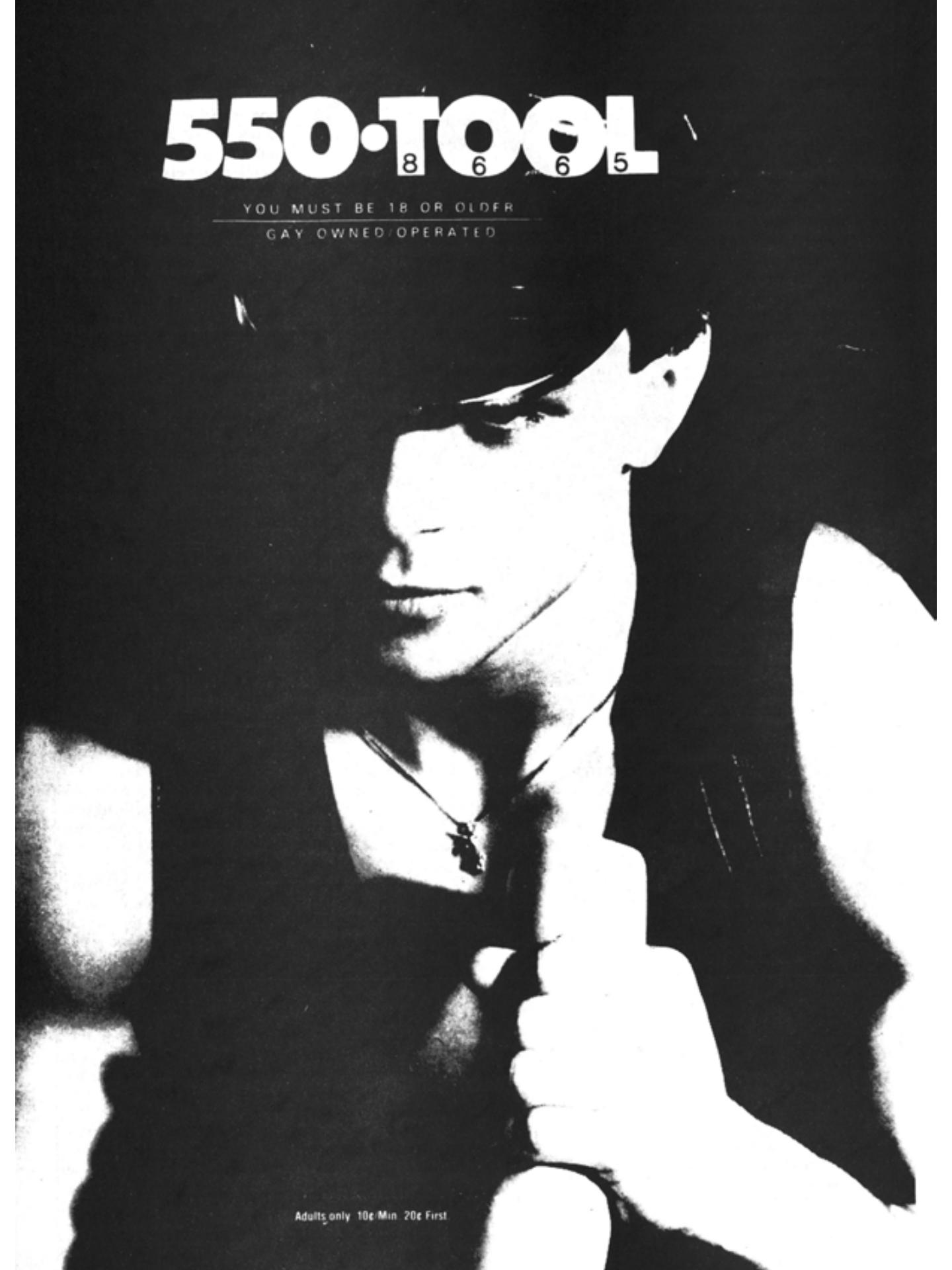
That statement marks the kinship between Megatone and Olivia. These are two musically diverse record companies with a common denominator: creativity and pride over productivity and money. And isn't that what music is supposed to be all about?

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OutWeek is seeking a Comptroller to oversee accounting, payroll, billing and collections. Salary commensurate with experience. Please send resume to: OutWeek

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OutWeek needs an organized, conscientious, detail-oriented assistant to provide clerical support to publisher. Ability to operate independently, see projects through to finish essential. 60WPM typing, WP, filing. Salary + benefits. Please send resume to:

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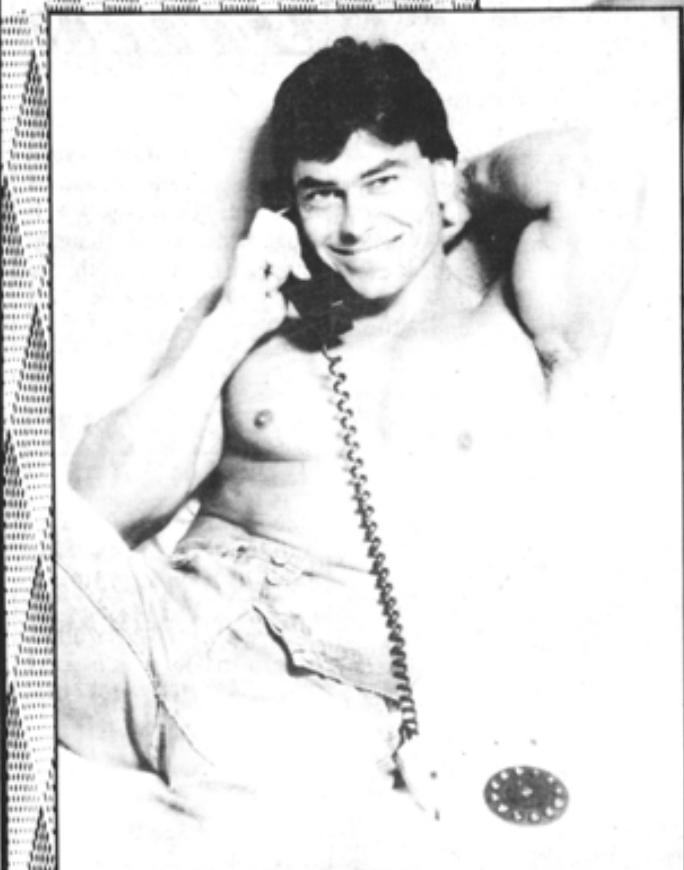
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call the GLSB daily, noon to midnight, 212-777-1800

Send calendar items to:
Rick X, Going Out
Box 790
New York, NY 10108

Items must be received by Monday to be included in the following week's issue.

TUESDAY

JULY 25

DAVID JONES OPERA ENSEMBLE **Arias for AIDS**, Benefit Concert for GMHC, at Trinity School, 139 W 91 St, \$10, reservations 749-4364

WEDNESDAY

JULY 26

FAIRPAC Forum on NYC's **Proposed Charter Revision**, featuring Charter Commission Chair F.A.O. Schwartz, who will discuss the proposed revisions in NYC government, and will address the gay and lesbian community on its concerns; at the Center, 208 W 13 St; 7:30 pm; 727-1291

GAY CIRCLES WORKSHOP **Surviving Gay Breakups**, a workshop to help gay men explore the pain of the breakup of lover relationships; 7-10 pm; \$6; pre-registration required by 7/19, John 598-9680

EAGLE BAR Movie Nite: **Twins**; 1/2 price drinks from 10-11 pm; free popcorn; movie at 11 pm; 142 11th Ave at 21st St; 691-845

THURSDAY

JULY 27

GAY MEN'S HEALTH CRISIS AIDS/HIV Medical Update for Gay Men of Color; with the latest information on HIV transmission, HIV antibody testing, T-Cell monitoring, drug therapies; with Todd Yancy, MD; Ronald Johnson, Exec. Dir. Minority Task Force on AIDS; Francisco Quesney, Director, Support Services of Brooklyn AIDS Task Force; at GMHC, 129 W 20 St; 6-9 pm; free; 807-6655; TDD 645-7470

HISPANIC UNITED GAYS AND LESBIANS Latin Gay Immigrant Rights, special discussion at the regular monthly meeting; at the Center, 208 W 13 St; 8 pm

CENTER STAGE sees **Romeo and Juliet** at the Metropolitan Opera House, 8 pm; \$60; 620-7310 (pay CENTER STAGE TICKETS, 208 W 13 St., NY, NY 10011)

THEATRE IN LIMBO Opening of Charles Busch's "The Lady in Question"; starring Charles Busch as "Gertrude Garnet, world-famous concert pianist who battles her own selfish nature—and the Nazis—in a gripping tale of romance, intrigue, escape and self-discovery against the backdrop of war-torn Bavaria"

JUDITH'S ROOM House Party & Fundraiser for Ruth Messinger, "next NYC Borough President"; 681 Washington Street (btwn 10th & Charles); 7:30 pm; free, but bring your checkbook; 727-7330

FRIDAY

JULY 28

YALE GAY AND LESBIAN ALUMNI/AE Harbor Lights Cruise; Pier 83 at 42nd St; 6:30 p.m.; \$15; 718/981-2144

GAY MEN OF AFRICAN DESCENT Meeting and Discussion: Can we... Ukwangela (Talk)?; "an opportunity for Gay men of color to titter like sissies or palaver like princes in an unstructured, non-competitive setting"; in the Charles Angel/People of Color Room at the Center, 208 W 13 St; 8 pm; 718/802-0162, 718/756-1548

SATURDAY

JULY 29

BROOKLYN LESBIANS TOGETHER Whale Watching in Montauk; \$25; 781/941-6117

WOMEN ABOUT Soho tour; 353-0073, 201/481-0440

TOTAL WOMAN PRODUCTIONS Fire Island Beach Luau 1989, leaves NYC 7 am, returning 8 pm; \$42.50 includes bus, ferry, Hawaii

ian feast, Zombie punch, after-trip party; and a lei for everyone; 718-604-2205; 212-993-2524

PEOPLE WITH AIDS COALITION Singles' Tea, for PWAs, PWArCs, HIV+; 222 W 11 St., 3-5:30 pm; 532-0568

SPECTRUM DISCO presents Denise Lopez, singing "Sayin' Sorry Don't Make it Right"; 802 64th St, Brooklyn (N train to 8th Ave stop in Bay Ridge); 718/238-8213

SUNDAY

JULY 30

JUDITH'S ROOM Nadja Tesich, novelist: "Shadow Partisan"; about post-WW II Yugoslavia; 681 Washington Street (btwn 10th & Charles); 6 pm; free; 727-7330

MONDAY

JULY 31

CENTER SPORTS goes to Yankees vs. Toronto Blue Jays; 7:30 pm; 620-7310

WOMEN ABOUT NY Philharmonic in Central Park; 353-0073, 201/481-0440

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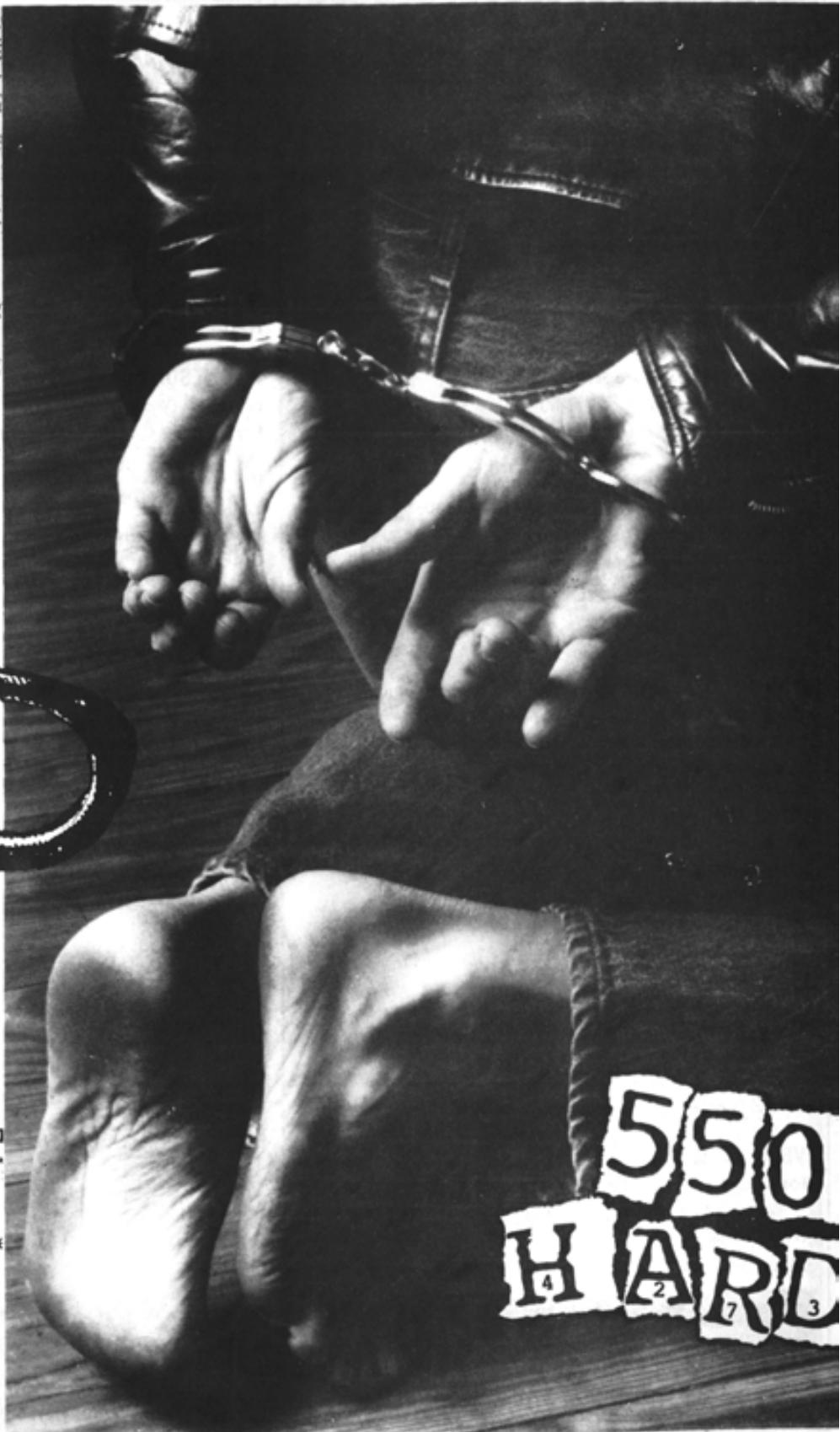
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FOR MEN'S DANCING

MONDAY

Private Eyes (preppie; male strippers, 2-4-1 till midnight)
Mars (mixed crowd, Monday nights began this summer)

TUESDAY

***Love Machine** (at the Underground)
The Monster

WEDNESDAY

Club Lafayette
Private Eyes (Dallas and Sanker's CLUB BAD)
Spectrum (free admission all night)

THURSDAY

***Boybar** (has a new wave drag show)
***Copacabana** (last Thu. of the month has Susan Bartsch party)
Mars (mixed gay/straight; Thursdays gayer than Fri & Sat)
Private Eyes (preppies and young professionals)
Spectrum (free admission all night)

FRIDAY

***Boybar**
Columbia Dances (1st Friday of every month, except July)
***Mars** (mixed gay/straight)
Private Eyes (preppies and young professionals)
Spectrum (male and female strippers)

SATURDAY

***Boybar**
***Mars** (mixed gay/straight)
Private Eyes (Club Chicago for Men, preppies)
Spectrum (guest performer night)

SUNDAY

***Mars** (Chip Duckett's "Mars Needs Men" night)
Private Eyes (T-Dance from 6 pm to 4 am; preppies)
Pyramid (Hapi Phace and Drag + Variety Show)
Spectrum (show; free admission 9-10 pm)
Tunnel (gay Sundays on special nights; call first)

EVERY NIGHT

Monster, Spectrum, Tracks (exc. MON)

* (TVs welcome)

FOR WOMEN'S DANCING

NOTE:

Party events are subject to change.
Always call first to confirm.

MONDAY

MK (Deb Parker's women's night)

TUESDAY

Hatfield's (Kew Gardens, Qns)

WEDNESDAY

Bedrock (West Hempstead, LI)
Bedrox (NYC, M&M Productions event)

THURSDAY

Bedrock (West Hempstead, LI)
Club Lafayette (Shescape, "Downtown Girls")

FRIDAY

Bedrock (West Hempstead, LI)
Tracks (last Friday of month)
Cheeks (Island Park)
Octagon (Shescape)
Visions (Woodside)

SATURDAY

Bedrock (West Hempstead, LI)
The Center (2nd and 4th Saturdays, & special events)
Club Lafayette (Shescape event, "Summer Saturdays")
Silver Lining (Floral Park)
Starz (Deer Park, L.I.)
West 610

SUNDAY

Bedrock (West Hempstead, LI)
"Hers & Hers" at Downtown (every other Sunday only)
Lads (White Plains)
Paradise (a.k.a. "Club Paradise")

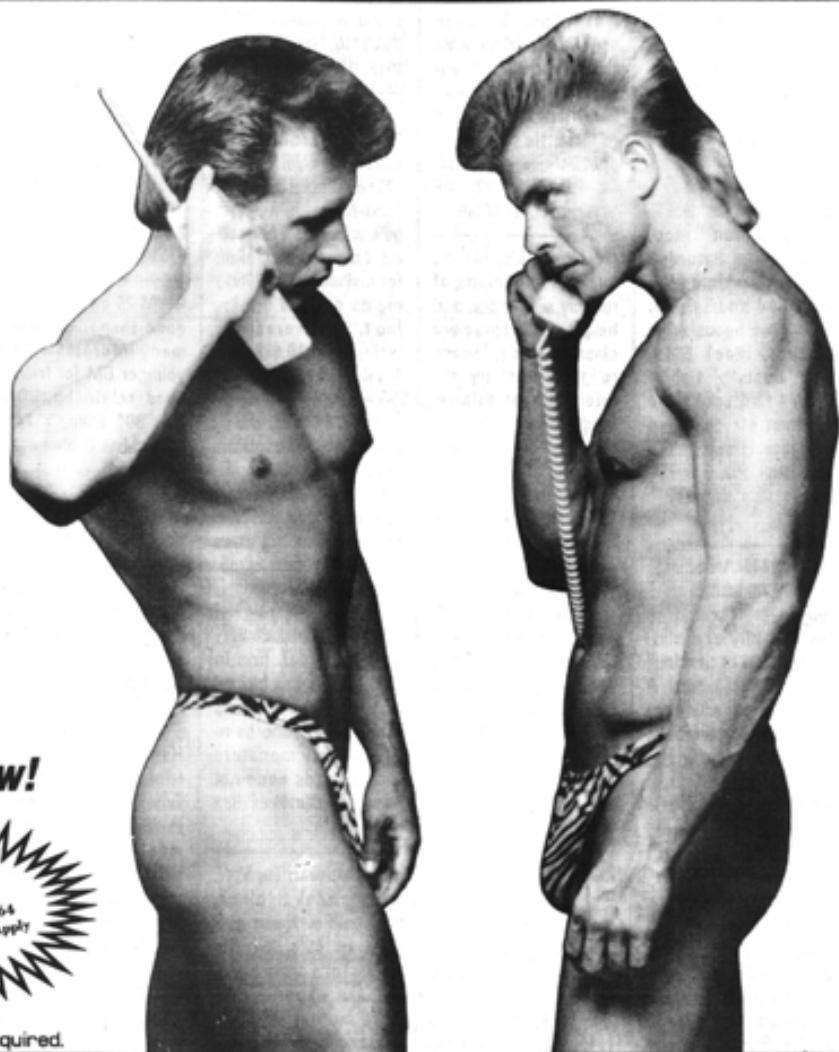
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WERE WE CRUISING?
Marlin Beach Disco, Downstairs, Saturday 7/1/89. You: Light blue shirt and shorts. Me: Brown hair, moustache, glasses, black 501s, pink "Boatslip" t-shirt. Wish I had spoken to you then. Maybe it's not too late. Drop me a note. Dan, P.O. Box 729, Huntington, New York 11743.

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1951, 5'10", 140 lbs., non-smoker/drinker, live outside city, work-NYC. Seeks slowly evolving

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Must be professional, masculine, between ages 20-40; relationship desired. I'm 35, 6', all-American looks, dominant, non-smoker, ready to settle down--photo/phone appreciated--P.O. Box 8197, JAF Station, NY, NY 10116.

GWM, 41, 5'5, 148 lb., seeks companions of roughly similar age and height who appreciate classical music, history, religious ritual and art, international affairs, progressive politics. For spiritual communion, physical affection and very safe sex. Write: P.O. Box 7674 FDR Station, NY NY 10150.

ASIAN GAY MALE

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Attractive guy, 43, 6', 160 lbs, will put you across his knee, pull down your pants--and underpants--and spank your bare bottom till you promise to behave. Am into fantasy--not pain. Good with beginners. Box 1316 FDR Sta, NYC 10150. Seek trim guys only.

GWM, 35, 5'10, trim beard, balding. Mature, together, independent. Enjoy GWM workouts, beach, arts, architecture, history. Looking to meet guy 30-45 with similar interests and attributes. P.O. Box 379, NY, NY 10101.

VERY AFFECTIONATE
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attractive w/m 45, 6'1, 175, commute between Paris-NY often, will host gdk w/m 23-30, educated, cleanshaved, slim, for civilised stimulating nights of good drinks, food, conversation, (safe) fun. POB 8324, NY 10150-1918.

WHITE MALE, 38, 5'6, 140, muscular, healthy, discreet, youthful, attr., seeks muscular-beefy man for safe mutual times, big arms a +, prefer men 30-55. Box 783, NYC 10008.

OVERZEALOUS DYKE, young of year, firm in loin, seeks big haired girl for a nonstop bonanza. Psycho bambis, hungry monsters and dullards need not even try. *OutWeek Box 1007*

WM, 44, look 30, 5'8", 160, seek black, Hispanic or Asian guy, 20's to 40's for fun times. Let's share affectionate experiences, safe mutual j/o, light s/m scenes or whatever we can improvise. If you're muscular, a plus. No drugs. *OutWeek Box 1007*

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GWM, experienced friend and lover seeking same. I'm easy-going, sensitive, romantic, intelligent and witty. 44 years young, 5'7", 142 lbs. Beautiful blue eyes, curly brn hair, moustache. I'm sensual, sexually vers and into safe sex. Interested in perf.

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AFTER THE OFFICE Handsome, healthy, trim, 5'10", 145, 40 Brooks Bros. type living in midtown wishes to meet male exec. for safe sensual fun after the office or at lunchtime. POB 1197 NYC 10156.

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MILDLY KINKY
GWM, 52, attractive, 5'10", 145, versatile, risk taking, seeks hot sex, fun, relationship, friends, enjoys politics, conversation, walks, movies, much more. P.O. Box 173, NY NY 10023.

MARR/BI/GAYS:
Getting enough/any? Me neither! Masc, ripe, hiltly guy sks ss. M-Th NYC daytime/early pm mutual fun; wknd Hamptons outdoor woods & beach romps. Write your hiltly fantasies /needs to Bob, Box 871, SAG Harbor, NY 11963. Cum on, let's go for it!

WHITE MALE COUPLE early 40's healthy, fit, nonsmokers, looking to expand social circles seek other male couples (age unimportant). We enjoy the theatre, restaurant dining, traveling and, most important, friendship. Please reply to P.O. Box 1638 NY, NY 10185-0014.

Hot, handsome, GWM, 47, 5'9", 155, br;br, moustache, healthy, youthful, smart, masculine, muscular. Seeks attr., bright, health-consc, well-built men for hot safe sex. Send phone & photo to Jim, P.O. Box 20100, NY NY 10017-9992.

TALL,SLIM,CUTE GWM,
23, activist, tv personality, writer seeks radical hunk comrade. Interests: films, reading, cable tv and the Pyramid on Sundays. Photo/phone:
OutWeek Box 1006

Female: to spend time going to shows, country, just being friendly, etc. I am 49, 5', 135 lbs.
OutWeek Box 1005

COMPLICATED GUY
wants simple life. Me: 5'6", 130 lbs., blondish, passionate. You: smart, funny, honest. Beard a +. Any race, any temperament. *OutWeek Box 1004*

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Handsome, intellectual and witty man, 34, dark brown hair & eyes (slavic), moustache, 170 lbs., 5'8". Into arts & honesty. Seeking dating

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LONG-HAIRED BOHEMIAN,

relationship oriented, looking for big-brother type. 30, 5'7", 140 lbs, beard. You be 30-40, sane, creative, able to cope with impossible schedule. *OutWeek Box 1007*.

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1. **USE A CONDOM WHEN FUCKING.** Avoid oil-based lubricants such as baby oil, Vaseline, Crisco etc., as they can cause condoms to break. Instead use water-based lubes like KY. The older a condom, the less reliable, so find condoms whose manufacturers' dates are less than three months old.
2. **USE A CONDOM DURING ORAL SEX.** If you don't, avoid placing the head of your partner's cock in your mouth. HIV-infected cum or precum can enter your bloodstream through cuts, tears or ulcers in your mouth.
3. **USE DENTAL DAMS DURING ORAL-VAGINAL SEX.** HIV is present in some amounts in vaginal secretions, urine, menstrual blood, and infection-related vaginal discharge.
4. **NEVER SHARE WORKS.** This includes needles, syringes, droppers, spoons, cottons or cookers. If you must reuse works, clean them after each use with bleach, or in an emergency with rubbing alcohol or vodka, by drawing the solution into the needle three times and then drawing clean water into the needle three times.
5. **AVOID FISTING, RIMMING, OR SHARING
UNCLEANED SEX TOYS.**
6. **AVOID POPPERS.**
7. **AVOID EXCESSIVE ALCOHOL OR DRUG USE.** Many people are unable to maintain safer sex practices after getting high.
8. **DON'T HESITATE TO:** Fuck with a condom, have oral sex with a condom. Play with, but don't share, clean sex toys, vibrators and dildoes. Enjoy massage, hugging, masturbation (alone, with a partner or in a group), and role-playing.

Remember, sex is good, and gay sex is great. Don't avoid sex, just avoid the virus. Learn to eroticize safer sex and you can protect others, remain safe and have fun.

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Hot Shot

by *Erich Conrad*

Photo by David La Chapelle



TOM RUBNITZ, video artist and painter extraordinaire, arrived in New York in 1978 and immediately began painting the town. He became the historian for the famed Pyramid Club, and was responsible for such irresponsibile masterpieces as *WIGSTOCK, THE MOVIE*, and *MADE FOR TV* starring Ann Magnuson. One of his more recent creations is the fabulous public service announcement for AmFAR's *ART AGAINST AIDS* project, an 80s version of the Sgt Pepper's albumn cover featuring the B-52s, Nam June Paik, Beverly Johnson, David Byrne, Dianne Brill, Quentin Crisp, Allen Ginsburg, Kenny Scharf, Nile Rodgers and Adele Lutz, to name a fabulous few.

Rubnitz's current projects include a continuing series of movie trailers with whacky titles like *The Fairies* and *Wake Up, Smell The Sanka and Get Your Act Together, Cause I've Got My Own Show To Do*. Look for them at trailer parks near you.

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REAGAN'S COURT continued from page 25

although he would like to step down from the Court because of age and "wanting to live my life," he feels compelled to stand behind *Roe* and cases like *Hardwick* that are predicated on it.

But three of the four liberal Justices are in failing health and are nearly twenty years older than their conservative counterparts. This fact alone may necessitate several retirements during the Bush presidency.



While Reagan used the High Court to further his agenda, Bush may turn to the congressional mandate. Angered by the Court's ruling that flag-burning was a valid form of dissent, Bush began his campaign for a constitutional amendment banning the desecration of the American flag. Two weeks after the flag ruling, Bush reiterated his support for a constitutional amendment banning abortion.

Bush has received strong bipartisan support for his flag-protection initiative, and legislators nationwide have aligned with him on the abor-

tion issue as well. And though polls show that over 75 percent of Americans approve of abortion under some circumstance, a majority of legislators are anti-abortion rights.

The impact of Supreme Court decisions is felt for years beyond the decision itself. The legacy of the liberal Court of Earl Warren changed the shape of American politics and civil rights in the 1960s and 70s. The Reagan Court has moved to overturn some of those decisions, and to rescind a vast majority of civil liberties, reversing the gains made by minorities and women in the last 25 years.

But as threatening as the conservative wave of the Court may be, the impact of constitutional manipulation is far more destructive, because of its permanence.

Once adopted, a constitutional amendment can only be rescinded by another constitutional amendment (see sidebar). This has only happened once in this century, in the case of Prohibition.

Constitutional amendments are the purview of the Congress and state legislatures, not the popular vote. The most recent failure of a drive for a

constitutional amendment was with the Equal Rights Amendment, or ERA, even though over 70 percent of the population favored its adoption. In the case of abortion, as with the ERA, a majority of legislators oppose it.

There is little doubt Bush will get his flag amendment adopted. If it passes, it will be the first time since Prohibition that Americans lose a right they previously had.

This history of the amendment adoption procedure also shows that they tend to come in clusters. And the legacy of constitutional alteration is far more threatening to the nation than even the legacy of Reagan's Court.

HOW TO FUCK continued from page 25

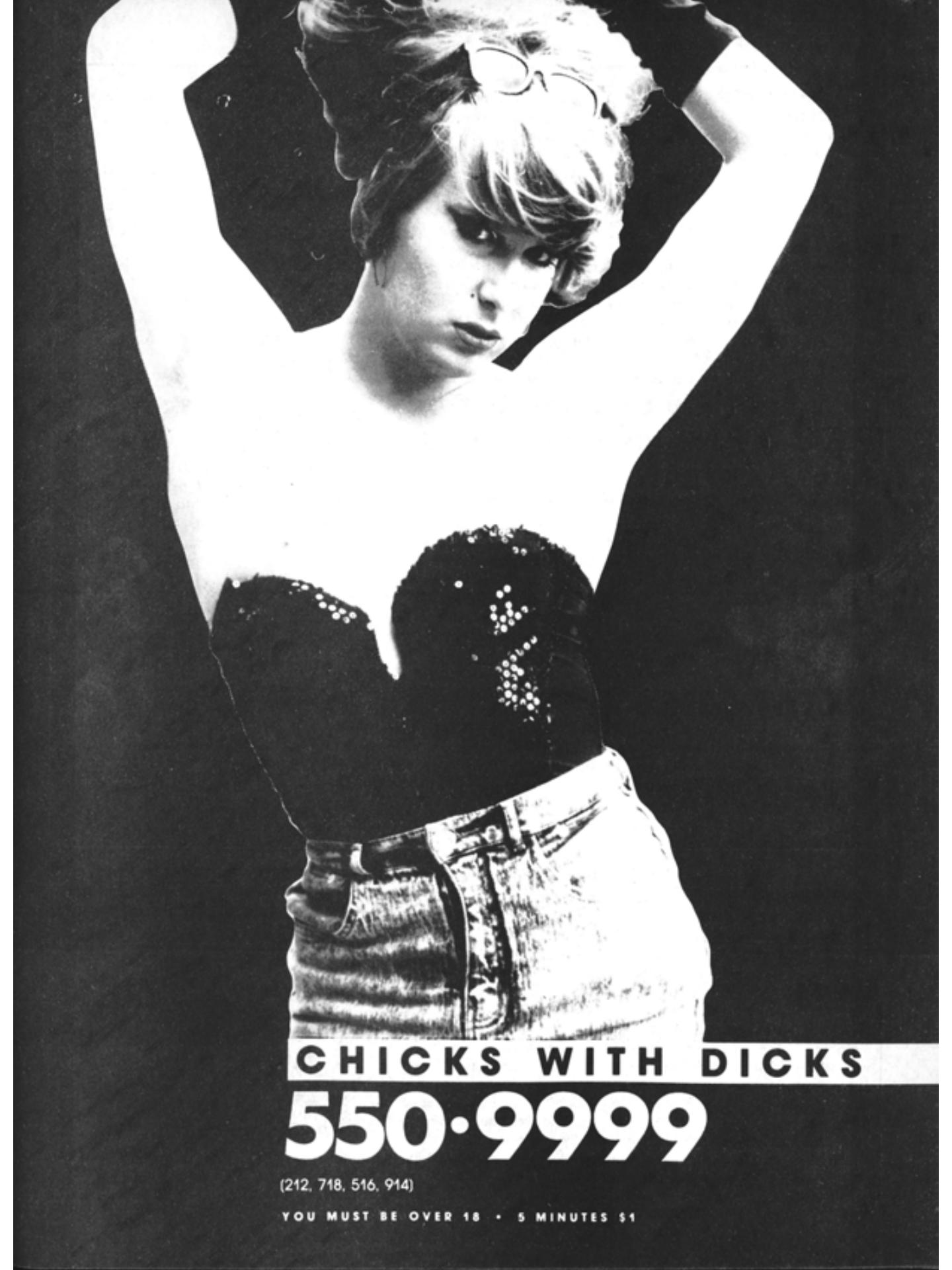
definition replace any contradictory decisions made by the Court in the past.

It is interesting to note that the often-cited American right to privacy is not explicitly set forth in the Constitution or the Bill of Rights. The tradition of the right to privacy was constructed by the Supreme Court over the years from the other personal rights guaranteed by those documents.

**WISHFUL THINKING**

Abortion rights demonstrators at the Supreme Court.

Photo: Patsy Lynch



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the photo he wrote: "This is *me*." He brought home how impelling is the socially-induced tendency to locate personal reality below the belt. But I also recall a conversation with Dr. Virginia Prince, editor of *Transvestia*, when she told how George, by having his dong lopped off, called himself Georgina, hoping for a totally new start. But George, said Dr. Prince wisely, was not located in his penis, and Georgina, unfortunately still had—after surgery—all the faults and phobias that George's old friends had known in

an erotic atmosphere that is egalitarian and instructive, one in which values like dominance and submission fade before the gusto of intense mutual pleasure and cooperation. This will occur when society itself turns away from values that have made headway during the Reagan years. Let them put competitive behavior, control, size, repression, tight collars and shackles behind, leaving America unfettered to develop a humane sexuality that will automatically reflect in the joyful erotic images it evokes and adores.

Pornography's face will change

It's unlikely that a truly free society can ever eliminate pornography.

him for years. George—trying to escape into the realm of so-called feminine artifacts—found out what my grandmother told me when I was barely a teen: "Wherever you go, there you are."

If Stoltenberg really wants to be an effective male feminist, he and his cronies must drop what they foolishly call their "civil rights case" *against* pornography and focus instead of transmuting those negative values that make porno so offensive to them. It is not erotic imagery Stoltenberg must struggle against, but the underlying value system that makes some erotic imagery stand in the way of healthy relationships, whether between opposite or same sexes. It's unlikely that a truly free society can eliminate pornography anyway. A "civil rights approach" to eliminating it is worthy of Richard M. Nixon who once said, in opposing his own Porno Commission's findings, "Smut pollution is as urgent as the pollution of our environment." I disagreed with Nixon then and I do now. But if Stoltenberg, Steinem, Walker *et al* want to side with Nixon, what can I do? And what can I do when they side with the Right Wing in its crusade to eliminate free erotic expression?

I can only ask politely that they all turn from their silly paper-chase and focus positively on the creation of

when our social values change. Perhaps it will cease its frown, its pain, its klutzy crudity. Stoltenberg forgets that it was Al Goldstein who commissioned an uncensored gay column treating homosexuality as natural in the first issue of *Screw* (Nov. 1968). That column, appearing in an otherwise rampantly heterosexual tabloid, was first to offer gay coverage of the Stonewall rebellion and its aftermath. Al Goldstein eschews—with body and bankroll—all censorship. He purposefully left *sex-as-violence* in the dust to create a sex review that celebrated sex as fun, and sex with satire, a bawdy journal to encourage controversy and to allow for strong or silly rebuttals, whatever the erotic logic. Some of the nastiest criticisms of Al Goldstein have appeared in *Screw* itself. Yes, and he financed the creation of *Gay*, America's first gay weekly newspaper and *Broadside* too, (edited by Mary Phillips) an early feminist newspaper.

Before Stoltenberg can castigate Goldstein (who self-identifies as a *Vulgarian*) and a threatening political alliance he sees him as having with the gay community, let him not forget that Goldstein first defended the absolute value of free expression by testing the First Amendment to its limits, fully conscious that it is in freedom to publish, not in censorship, that truth stands the best chance. ▼

I freeze as diners' eyes pierce me. Worse yet, I forget her directions.

5:30 p.m.

I try another discount health and beauty supply at Second Avenue and Fifth Street. The store is crowded. I head over to the condom area and look around. Immediately a voice from behind a counter rings out, "Can I help you with something?" I swear that everyone in the store has stopped and turned all eyes and ears on me. I whip around, screaming, "NO! WHO ME! NO! NO!" I dart out of the store, noticing that the man behind the counter has a glimmer in his eye. Outside, I decide that he's gay and that I could have asked. But now, of course, I'm much too mortified to go back in.

5:40 p.m.

I find yet another small discount health and beauty supply on Second between Fourth and Fifth. This time I'm determined to open my mouth. I go to the man behind the counter who is chatting with who appears to be his wife and son.

"Excuse me," I whisper. "Do you have lubrication."

"What?" he asks, perplexed.

"Lubrication. You know, for sex."

"No, no, no," he says, waving his hand. "This is a family store!"

5:55 p.m.

I'm in a head shop on Houston Street between Avenue A and First Avenue.

"Do you have lubrication for sex?" I ask the clerk.

"Oh, yes," he whimpers.

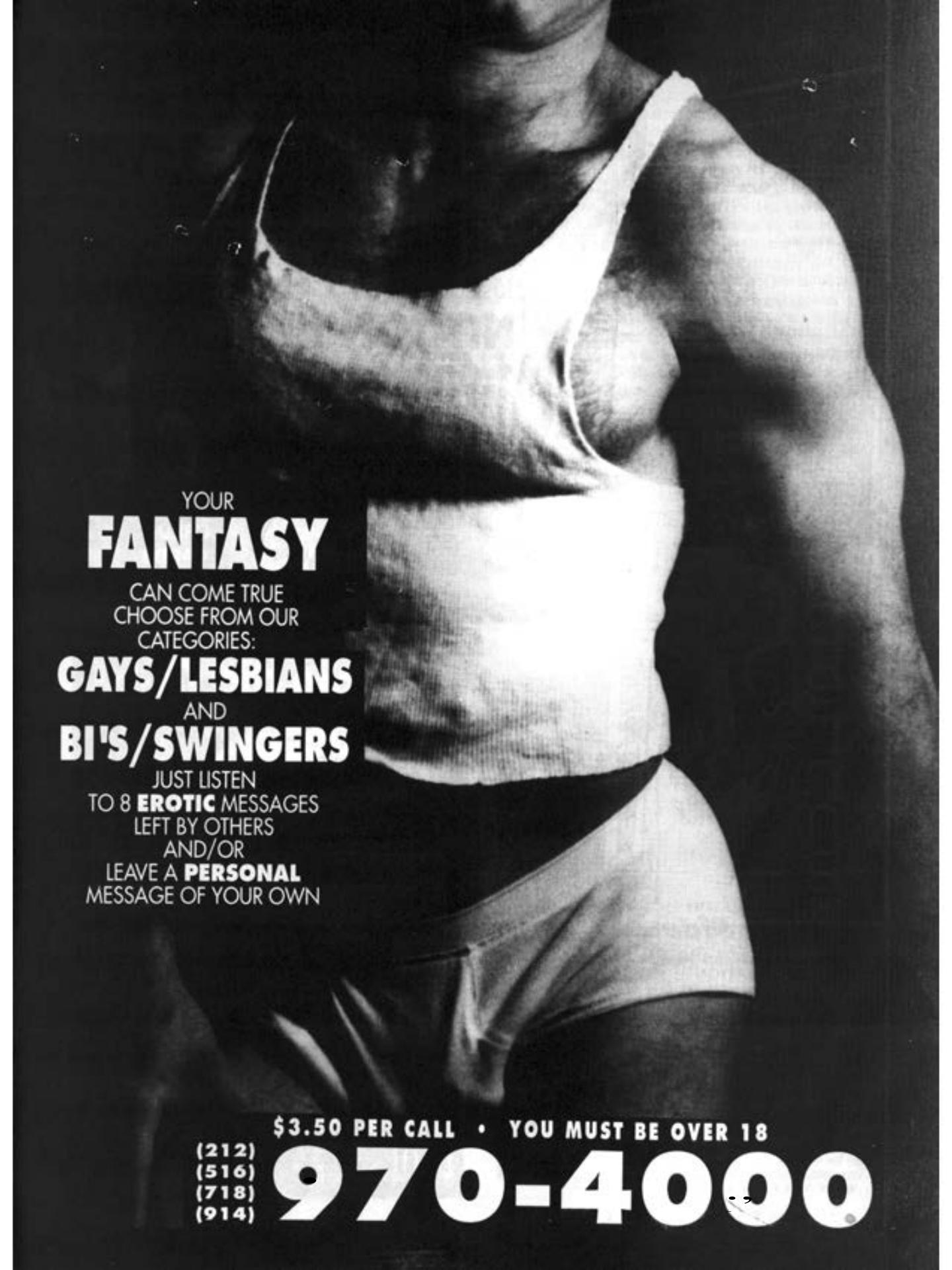
I'm ecstatic. Could it be that my long journey's ended?

"This is all I've got," he says, handing me a tube. It's a penis desensitizing cream called "Stay Hard."

6:00 p.m.

I hail a cab outside the head shop and get in.

"Pleasure Chest," I tell the driver. "In the West Village." ▼



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SWAMP continued from page 32

own experience, rather than data from clinical trials in choosing the best treatment. One argued, "I have done modified radicals on hundreds of patients over the last 30 years. Why should I stop now when they cannot give me any evidence of an improved cure rate with lesser surgery?" That evidence was, of course, one potential goal of the trial.

Finally, doctors worried that if a patient as not cured after he enrolled her in the trial, he would feel personally responsible.

It is odd that the survey did not address the interplay of the women's hopes, fears and wishes with those of the doctors. In the end, lumpectomy has won out over radical or total mastectomy as the usual first-line treatment for breast cancer. Like the women's health movement, AIDS and other health crises will continue to rewrite the rules of clinical trials and the doctor-patient relationship. ▼

THE RIGHT THING continued from page 51

Sal takes a baseball bat to the radio, reducing it to worthless components. A brawl breaks out. The cops beat and restrain Raheem and Buggin Out, locking Raheem in a choke hold that kills him. Nearly an entire neighborhood stares at Sal and his sons in shock. Thoughtlessly, Sal mutters, "You do what you gotta do." Knowing a good cue when he hears one, Mookie answers by throwing a trash can through the pizzeria window, and the crowd explodes.

Lee has taken a major task in exploring the issues raised by *Do the Right Thing*, and not all of his choices work. For example, the scene in which a Korean grocer holds off the rioting crowd with a broom is implausible. He cries out, "I'm Black, too!" Someone responds, "Then act Black," and they leave him and his store alone. Mookie's final confrontation with Sal, after the debacle, has a contrived sentimentality. And Lee, whose past record on the depiction of women is not admirable, is still growing in his ability to create women

characters that are whole beings. (Actually, he also paints the men with broad, sometimes cartoonish, strokes.) Mookie's lover and the mother of his child (Rosie Perez as Tina) is a foul-mouthed shrew who is fed up with his disappearances. Lee also wants to show her attraction to Mookie, her caring for him, but these softer qualities get overshadowed by her shrill obscenities. Mookie's beautiful sister, Jade, though an almost constant nag, nags with love. Jade seems unimportant to the plot until the scenes where Mookie suspects Sal's special treatment of her. "He just wants to play 'hide-the-salami,'" he complains, as he and Jade argue in front of graffiti that reads "Tawana was telling the truth!"

She's Gotta Have It, *School Daze* and now *Do the Right Thing*. It seems that Spike Lee films will always be events worth seeing, something to force us to think and talk about knotty issues. If you think Spike Lee's *Do the Right Thing* is dangerous, let me ask you: Aren't the problems he addresses, and our silent neglect of them, far more dangerous? ▼

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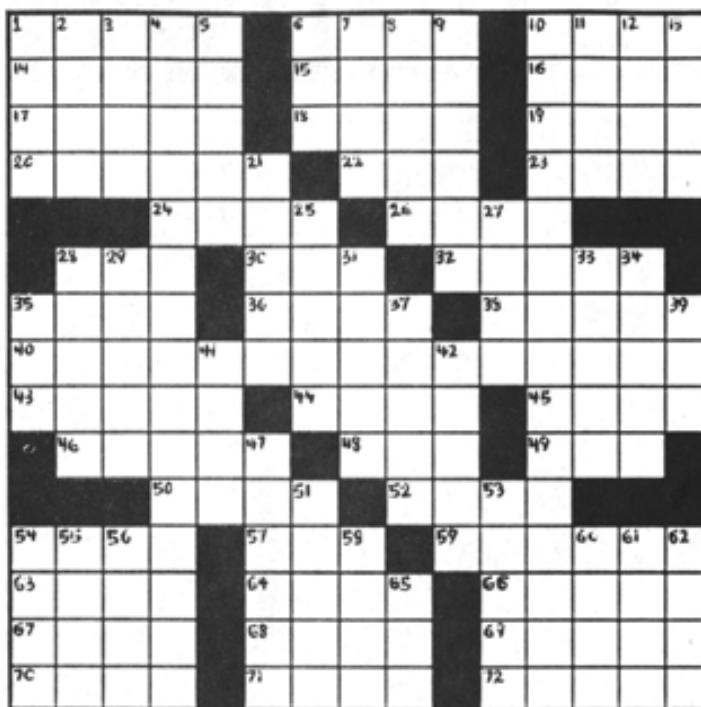
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OutWeek Crossword

by Phil Greco

Edited by Gabriel Rotello



SOLUTION IN NEXT WEEK'S OUTWEEK ON SALE TUESDAY

ACROSS

1. Guts
6. Erect
10. Ejaculate
14. Eskimo
15. Defunct disco
16. Hastened
17. Flinch
18. Writer Genet
19. Being
20. Whipped
22. E.g., chem.
23. Trim
24. March date
26. Not his
28. Word with man and eater
30. Greek letter
32. Love, to Wagner
35. Air: comb. form
36. TV's Roseanne
38. Director Louis
40. He wrote *La Cage* book (2 wds.)
43. Mollusk
44. Roman garment
45. Price
46. Boxer Mike
48. Rest
49. Consumed
50. 103, to Caligula
52. Draw
54. Jason's ship
57. Actor Gulager
59. _____ Hearts
63. TV's Conrad
64. _____ Of The Spider Woman
66. Pursuing
67. Rear
68. Augments
69. Name with Duane or Walter
70. Jai _____
71. For fear that
72. Guthrie, et. al.

DOWN

1. Cry
2. Inter _____
3. Camera part
4. *Death In Venice* director
5. *Avengers* character
6. Pilgrimage
7. Greek war god
8. Arrive at
9. Elton John song
10. Bar on 10th Ave.
11. Fr. river
12. Plateau
13. *East of _____*
21. Hat
25. Slang for screw
27. Licks
28. Intended
29. Variety
31. Constellation
33. Calf cry
34. Kind of type
35. Sounds of pleasure
37. Royal
39. Chemical suffix
41. Morlock food
42. Fast
47. Defunct 72nd St bar
51. " _____ Ike" (2 wds.)
53. Stiller & _____
54. Pop group
55. Star of 64 across
56. *Bhagavad- _____*
58. Applications
60. Etc.
61. Make over
62. _____ bien
65. Jet

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE



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HANDcuffs B&D La
Glory Hole FIST
Slave BOOrs FF
MILITary Heavy t

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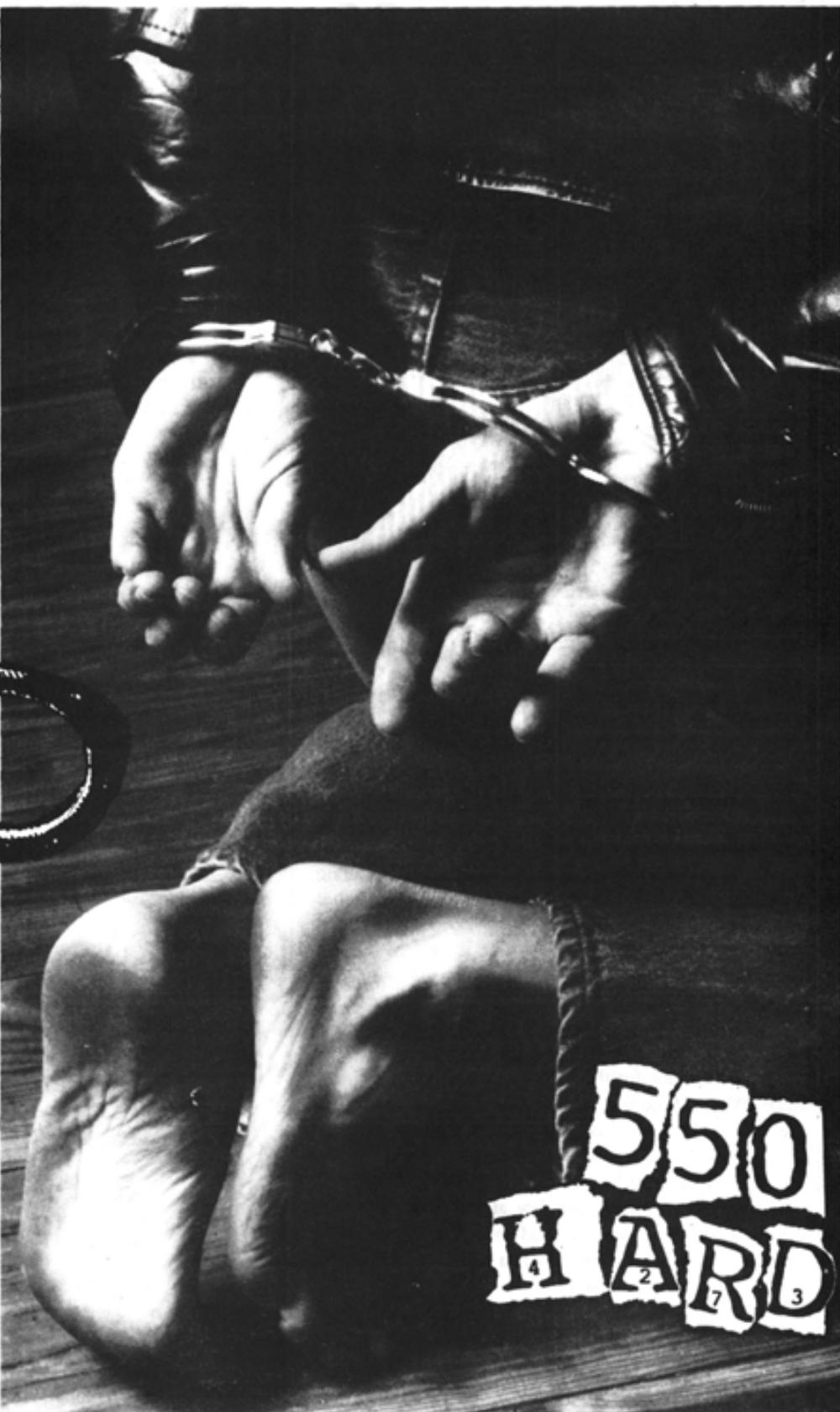
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Sports

by Brian Hamlin



THE RAMBLERS SOCCER CLUB

It all started innocently enough when a group of gay men were kicking a soccer ball around the Ramble area of Central Park. Someone got the idea of making the outing a regular event and forming a team to organize other gays who enjoyed playing competitive soccer. Now, nine years later, the Ramblers Soccer Club is one of the top teams in the Gay Soccer Alliance as well as a member of the straight United Nations League.

The Ramblers have roughly 46 members, including two trainers and 15 active players on the roster. Bill Burke, a half-back for the Ramblers and a team member since 1984, told me that he first stumbled on the club at the Gay Pride Parade in 1984. "The league is competitive," he said, "but there is an extremely high level of comradery that exists between the players."

Even though games are few at this time, the team members manage to stay in good shape through frequent practice, which is held three times a week, and through a strong dedication to the sport.

The next scheduled game will take place in Hartford against the Boston Strikers in September. One purpose of playing in Hartford is to let the people there see the league in action in hopes of starting a Hartford team.

Currently there are eight cities in the alliance, but members are trying to set teams up in as many new places as possible.

Over the Columbus Day weekend Boston will play host to this year's National Tournament which will consist of the San Diego Sparks, the Denver Rockies, the Phoenix Rage, the Seattle Express, the LA Suns and the defending champions, the San Francisco Spikes, as well as New York's Ramblers.

At the last Gay Games in 1986, the Ramblers fielded a team of 20. This was the first time that many of the then newly formed teams had a chance to compete with each other, as well as meet and network. The Ramblers won the Silver Medal at those games, losing the top prize to the San Francisco Spikes. This year's co-presidents of the club, Abe Orpilla and Larry Vic, said that the team is very eager to compete in Gay Games III to be held in Vancouver in August 1990, and this time they hope to take home the gold.

One of the biggest challenges in maintaining a club is raising the money needed to keep the enterprise going. Money is needed primarily to buy and maintain equipment and uniforms. The Ramblers are currently seeking a sponsor or sponsors to help them meet their goals. In return for the financial assistance the sponsor gets the endorsement of the club and a tax break in April.

Anyone interested in sponsoring this endeavor should contact Bill Burke for more information at 212/645-0821. If you would like more information about the Ramblers, call Cliff Goulet at 212/989-6986.



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		Compound Q: Cure or Hype?
11:00 pm	The Right Stuff	
	• Naming Names • All About Women • Media Watch • Staying Out • Around the Country	Sports in Los Angeles
Sundays	Men & Films	July 30
11:30 pm	Reviews of male erotica along with interviews behind the scenes with film stars	Jake Corbin on the Roof of New York
Mondays	Be My Guest	July 31
10:00 pm	Sybil Bruncheon hosts a panel game show with surprise guests. Frankie Loves Johnny An original gay soap opera.	Ed Winn visits Sybil, "My Eyes Have Seen The Glory"



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